SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
3 2449 0297397 G

Old Main Path



Ulma Booth Taylor

Given by Jennie Hurt in 1941
after the loss of my own copy
in China 1927 by looting.

TIFFANY & CO.

Diamond and Gem Merchants

FRATERNITY JEWELRY

Designs and estimates prepared upon short notice for emblem pins, rings and fobs; also class cups, trophies, etc.

COLLEGE STATIONERY

Note papers with monograms in color, invitations to commencement and class-day exercises, menus, dance orders; also dies for stamping corporate and fraternity seals

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, New York



BRIAR-PATCH

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN



EDITED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF

Sweet Briar College

Sweet Briar, Virginia

To

Daisy Williams

In whose memory our college was founded,
we dedicate this the second volume
of the "Briar-Patch"

Daisy Williams

LITTLE can be said of the sixteen uneventful years of Daisy Williams' life. Quietly and unobtrusively she lived with her father and mother at Sweet Briar, growing as do the shy field daisies, after whom she was called. Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams were talented, cultured people, lavishing the wealth of their affection on their only child, Daisy, and desiring for her the best that education and money could give. They spent their winters in New York, but in the summer the beautiful home among the mountains of Virginia claimed them. And here all the memories of Daisy cluster, here it is that Daisy's spirit seems now to be felt. We hear of her as a studious, reticent child, spending much of her time alone or in the company of her elders, filling the round of happy days with simple home-like duties.

With a wonderfully loving little heart and an unselfish disposition she delighted to go with her father, visiting the sick on the estate. Her sweet face and gentle courtesy were known and welcomed by the country side. The old darkies in the quarters loved her and many were the blessings that fell from their lips for "Lil Miss Daisy." Often on early spring mornings could Mr. Williams and Daisy be seen riding together; her white pony trying to keep pace with his big black horse. At times, Mrs. Williams had to go to New York, leaving Daisy and her father alone together. In one of Daisy's earliest letters written to her mother, she says, "This morning we took a long ride and the hills you know are forever the same, so there is nothing to say about it. There are a great many birds in the yard—mocking birds, thrushes, and the lovely red birds." And in a letter a week later, she writes, "Papa and I have been up to the monument this morning. It is lovely there now, the dagger plants look very well, and have grown considerably."

Surrounded as she was by all that was beautiful, she lived a sheltered,

happy life, the lack of companions of her own age being filled by her passion for flowers, music, and books. Often in her letters to her mother does she talk of flowers or of some plant in whose growth she is interested. In a letter dated May 6th, 1883, she says, "The magnolias came late last night. I have wet them well and will set them out soon to-morrow morning. There was a storm last night, so the ground is too wet to-day. They seem very nice, but are large." Then again on May 10th she writes, "The apple orchard is in bloom. The apricots are killed. There is not a sign of a rosebud. The big roses near the little ones have grown so that they hang over them. Had they better be trimmed some?"

Daisy was passionately fond of music. Many and long were the hours she spent practicing. Once she wrote her mother, "Do not forget the harp strings. The harp seems to have taken pity on me and does not break any strings, for which I am very glad." Her father and mother were also musical, and her harp at Sweet Briar House standing opposite the piano in the corner, can well make us imagine a happy picture of this musical family. For in the long summer afternoons, when the song of the mocking birds could be heard and the heavy perfume of roses came through the open windows, Mr. Williams would take his violin and Mrs. Williams accompanying on the piano, would call Daisy, this small figure with golden curls and lustrous eyes, to play on her harp between them.

But perhaps more than she loved her flowers, more than even her music, she loved her books. On them she concentrated her attention and early became ambitious to do well at school. In a letter dated 1877, we read, "I take my doll's slippers to school. I am going to try very hard to be a good girl; I am going to try to get good marks in school." During the months spent in New York, she had private tutors, but at Sweet Briar there were times when such were hard to obtain; then it was that her father used to take her over to Kenmore Academy, near Amherst, for instruction in German and French. Of her German, she writes to her mother, "The German exercises are hard and long, and I only do two or three at a lesson. I have got to those dreadful verbs that you split in pieces; the last part has to fit in somewhere at the beginning and the first somewhere at the end, and I never fit them in where they belong. I never liked puzzles, and the verbs are just like them, but I suppose it is easy

when you get accustomed to it." She seems to have liked French better, for the next day she writes, "I took a French conversation. He (the professor) does not talk much, but asks me words which generally I do not know. Mr. K. gave me a dictation; he said the English and I wrote it in French. I had not very many mistakes, and he said he would give me something more difficult next time."

During the winter of '83, Mr. Williams's health became very bad, Mrs. Williams was called to New York on business, leaving the entire care of Mr. Williams to Daisy. A spirit of tender, unselfish love breathed through the frequent letters she wrote to her mother at this time. Unusually gifted, she spared no pains to attain what was highest in her education, but never very strong, the care of her father and the strain of overstudy seemed to have been too much for her. Her system became weakened and almost before her mother realized her condition, this child of sixteen short summers had left the home once so dear to her, to become the living memory and inspiration of the college founded as a memorial to her.

A. W. B.



Board of Directors

RT. REV. A. M. RANDOLPH, LL. D., D. C. L. *President*
Norfolk, Virginia

MR. N. C. MANSON, JR. *Chairman Executive Committee*
Lynchburg, Virginia

REV. ARTHUR P. GRAY *Secretary*
Lawrenceville, Virginia

JUDGE LEIGH R. WATTS
Portsmouth, Virginia

REV. CARL E. GRAMMER, S. T. D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MR. FERGUS REID
Norfolk, Virginia

MR. CHARLES E. HEALD
Lynchburg, Virginia

Officers of Instruction and Administration

MARY K. BENEDICT
A. B. Vassor College: Ph. D. Yale University
President and Professor of Philosophy and Psychology

MARY HARLEY
M. D. Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary
Physician to the College and Professor of Physiology and Hygiene

WALLACE EUGENE ROLLINS
A. B. University of North Corolina; B. D. Yole University
Professor of Biblical Literature, and Chaplain to the College

LEONIDAS WAKEFIELD CRAWFORD, JR.
A. B. Trinity College, North Carolina; A. M. Columbia University
Professor of English

HUGH S. WORTHINGTON
A. B. and A. M. University of Virginia
Professor of Modern Languages

S. GAY PATTESON
B. S. Teachers' College, Columbia University
Associate Professor of Mathematics

HELEN F. YOUNG
Pupil of Teichmüller in Leipzig for five years, of Schreck, and of other German and American musicians
Director of Music

VIRGINIA RANDALL MCLAWS
Student in the Charcoal Club of Baltimore, student and teacher in the New York School of Art
Director of Art

CAROLINE LAMBERT SPARROW
A. B. Woman's College of Baltimore; A. M. Cornell University
Associate Professor of History

CONNIE M. GUION
A. B. Wellesley College
Associate Professor of Chemistry

ALICE NOYES
A. B. Mt. Holyoke College
Associate Professor of Biology from 1910-12

JESSAMINE CHAPMAN
B. S. Teachers' College, Columbia University
Instructor in Domestic Science

NORA BLANDING FRASER
A. B. Cornell University
Associate Professor of Latin

ETHEL CUSHING GARDNER
Pupil of William Mason of New York, and of Godowsky and Kaun in Berlin
Instructor in Music

CAROLINE HILL CRAWFORD
B. M. Syracuse University
Instructor in Vocal Music

HELEN COLLINS ROLLINS
Pupil of German musicians in Dresden;
Pupil of Xaver Scharwenka, and teacher in his conservatory in New York
Instructor in Music

EUGENIE M. MORENUS
A. B. and A. M. Vassar College
Instructor in Latin and Mathematics

AILEEN WARD
Graduate of Hollins Institute; Student at the Sorbonne and the University of Göttingen
Instructor in German

ALANETTE BARTLETT
Teachers' College, Columbia University
Instructor in French

ANNIE MARION POWELL
A. B. Sweet Briar College
Instructor in English

PAULINE GILDER
Graduate of Damrosch School of Music; Pupil of Oscar Sänger
Instructor in Vocal Music

MARTHA W. ROBERTSON
Instructor in Music, 1910-11

WILLIAM BLAND DEW
Treasurer and Business Manager

FANNIE T. CARROLL
Superintendent of Housekeeping Department












ALUMNAE.

Alumnae Association

OFFICERS

ANNIE MARION POWELL.....*President*

ANNIE WHITNEY CUMNOCK.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

EUGENIA WHYTE GRIFFIN

LOUISE MACLAINE HOOPER

FRANCES PAYNE MURRELL


SENIOR

Senior Class

COLORS

Green and White

FLOWER

Mountain Laurel

MOTTO

Fide et Fiducia

YELL

Vive lo! Vive lo! Vive lo! Say!
Who are we? Rah, Rah, Ray!
Hee-ro! Hee-ro! Hee-ro! Hi!
Nineteen Eleven, Do or Die!

MEMBERS

ALMA WHEELER BOOTH *President*
JENNIE HURT *Secretary and Treasurer*
EMMA WILSON MORRISS *Class Historian*
ESTHER KELLER *Prophet*
MARY VIRGINIA PARKER
JOSEPHINE WADSWORTH MURRAY

HONORARY MEMBERS

REV. WALLACE E. ROLLINS
MR. N. C. MANSON, JR.



ALMA WHEELER BOOTH

Petersburg, Virginia

"She keeps a sunny mood."

Vice President, 1907-08; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1907-08, 1909-10; President Athletic Association, 1908-09; Big Chief Billiken, 1908-09; Vice President Athletic Association, 1909-10; Executive Committee, 1909-10; President of Class 1910-11; Rippler; Literary Editor BRIAR-PATCH, 1911.

JENNIE HURT

Blackstone, Virginia

Treasurer Athletic Association, 1907-08; Secretary Athletic Association, 1908-09; Vice President Y. W. C. A., 1907-08; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-09, 1909-10; Vice President Student Government Association, 1909-10; Executive Committee Student Government Association, 1910-11; Varsity Basket Ball Team, 1908-09; Junior-Freshman Basket Ball Team, 1909-10; Class Historian, 1909-10; Secretary and Treasurer Class 1910-11; Editor-in-Chief *Sweet Briar Magazine*, 1909-10, 1910; Editor-in-Chief BRIAR-PATCH, 1910-11; Rippler.





ESTHER KELLER

Muncie, Indiana

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1907-08; Representative to Debating Club, 1910-11; Business Manager BRIAR-PATCH, 1910-11; Class Prophet, 1910-11; Glee Club.

EMMA WILSON MORRISS

Richmond, Virginia

So wise, so young, they say.

Exchange Editor *Sweet Briar Magazine*, 1910-11; Class Historian, 1910-11; Class Secretary and Treasurer, 1909-10; Junior-Freshman Basket Ball Team, 1909-10; College Basket Ball Team, 1908-09; Captain Sophomore Basket Ball Team, 1908-09; Rippler, 1909-10-11; Cast of "As You Like It," 1910; Art Editor the BRIAR-PATCH, 1910-11; Debating Club, 1909-10-11; *Cercle Rambouillet*, 1909-10.





JOSEPHINE WADSWORTH MURRAY

Johnstown, New York

Constant as the northern star.

Vice President Student Government Association, 1908-09; Class President, 1908-09, 1909-10; May Queen, 1908-09, 1909-10; Executive Committee Athletics, 1908-09; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1908-09; Class Basket Ball Team, 1908-09; Rippler; Assistant Business Manager BRIAR-PATCH, 1911.

MARY VIRGINIA PARKER

Franklin, Virginia

Deep on her front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care.

President Y. W. C. A., 1908-09; President Athletic Association, 1909-10; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1909-10; Associate Editor *Sweet Briar Magazine*, 1909-10; Junior-Freshman Basket Ball Team, 1909-10; Vice President of Class, 1909-10; President Student Government Association, 1910-11; Literary Editor BRIAR-PATCH, 1911; Glee Club; Rippler.



Here beginneth the

Book of the Records of 1911

'T was in nineteen and seven, one September day,
That our company first met beside the way—
For we had all decided our way to wend
Unto Learning's shrine, our offerings to tend.
While journeying into the Land of Knowledge,
We needs must stop at Sweet Briar College.
And to that place did come a merry band
Of maids that came from many a land;
Though few we were, you might never surpass
The noble company of that bold class.
And now, my friends, I pray you forgive me
If I cannot quite set forth their degree
Here in this tale as they really should stand—
My wit is short, as you'll soon understand.
And so, if you will give me your attention,
I think it meet that I shall here make mention
Of each of them who joined us on that day,
And tell how they looked, and in what array.
The first one seen was when we all were set
At table, to such cheer as we might get.
This maid was tall and full large of stature,
And passing fair of face, I tell you sure;
Two eyes right saintly beamed from her visage,
With lashes long which she well could manage,
For her glances were all full simple and coy;
And in science and its laws was all her joy.

In gray was she clad, if I recall true,
With a hat, like a torpedo boat, blue,
Banded about with a ribbon o' plaid;
And heavy Scotch boots, I may also add.
Her manners were confident, brusque, alert,
And the lady was known by the name of Hurt.
With her there was another girl, forsooth,
Who's well known by name of Alma Booth.
A blonde was she, with hair colored like flax,
As smooth and shining as is yellow wax;
Her eyes were blue and ruddy was her face,
And she hied her thither from a great place,
That Petersburg highte, a flourishing town,
Where the James flows by and the mudbanks frown.
She was short and fat, with a manner gay,
Smiling and skipping and humming all day.
A blue skirt she wore, and a blouse of white,
A Spencer she called it, I tell you right;
Her hat was eek of blue, with corners three,
Its feather stuck up straight as straight could be.
Silk gloves she wore with much discretion,
For she must make a right good impression.
Full pleasant she was, nor tried to act smart,
But was all conscience and tender heart;
"Perfectly lovely" meant height of her joy,
And "Hang it!" the strongest term she'd employ.
Another one was there, with solemn mien,
And manner sedate as ever was seen.
Tall and thin, and by no means undergrown,
For sturdy was she. And her level tone
Was quite able to silence contention,
By quoting from the Constitution;
For she was able and, I must not forget,
Full seemly for to be a suffragette,

And on politics lecture the masses.
Dark was her hair, her eyes hid by glasses,
Which of dignity deepened th' impression—
A proper model of true discretion.
Quite well did she sing the service divine,
Entuned in an alto deep and fine.
And, furthermore, she well knew how to dance,
Though for such things she showed small complaisance,
But rather cared for great acquaintance
With learning, especially Domestic Science.
I cannot remember her whole array,
But 't was, *sans doute*, in fashion of that day.
Miss Keller next joined our gay company,
And though for a time she left us to be
Without her, she's with us again once more.
She has manners precise, and airs galore;
And the ways of society and its state
She takes great pains to rightly imitate.
And French she spoke with an accent wary,
After the way of a select Seminary.
She's always at ease and right debonaire,
With plenty of *sang froid* and *savoir faire*.
And hotly she loves, we judge by her hand,
Where a diamond gleams, as you understand.
She could sing songs, and themes could well endyte,
And in Philosophy she shone most bright.
She was neat and trim, of medium size,
With "tip-tilted" nose and gray Irish eyes.
Her garb was a linen suit. Feathers frail
Waved on her hat, 'neath a chiffon veil,
Of which she was quite proud, as is the way
Of maids when they first care for raiment gay.
Then Josephine, who was fairer to see
Than e'er the lily on her stalk can be,

And brighter than the May with flowers new,
For with the rose-color strove her hue—
I know not which was fairer of the two.
Pale gold was her hair, her eyes clear and true,
Bonnier far than my pen can portray;
And we chose her twice for our Queen of May.
A good dancer, too; skilled in Cupid's arts,
Heartless herself, she's a breaker of hearts.
Yet, as you may know, who can Plato read,
Mortals must all have their faults, so he said;
Though hers are most few, and perfect her looks,
Methinks she oft cares more for boys than books.
Byron she prefers of the poets, I'd say,
And her heart's quite set on old U. V-a.
And lastly myself, a Freshman you'd guess,
With long curled locks, as though laid in press;
Who bore myself well, as is often the case,
In hopes to stand in my crush's good grace;
For hazing most fit, at first sight you'd say,
I was green as is the month of May.
There were others of us to start that day,
But they soon tired and dropped out by the way;
Therefore, I'll not stop, so it please you well,
Anything further of them for to tell.
But now it is time that I should tell you
Whatever we did the whole journey through.
For I have told you shortly, in a clause,
Th' estate, array, number, and even the cause
Wherefore was assembled this company.
First, as Freshmen, unorganized were we,
But singly passed through many an adventure;
In the classroom sad trials we did endure;
Athletics we rushed to with all our might,
And worshiped our crushes with great delight.

Anon that horrible hedge we had past—
Known as Exams—into Sophomore Land.
And, certes, if it weren't too long to hear,
I'd tell you at length what befell us there.
Our numbers had dwindled away so fast
That only six of us were left at last.
We now paused, for a space, to organize,
And in our own conceits did grow most wise,
As is the manner of all Sophomores.
Quite festive we grew—gay party-goers,
Athletes, heroes, and, savin' your rev'rence,
Proud examples to all, *par excellence*.
There it was that unto our ranks we drew,
Gladly, our honorary members two,
Of whom I'll pause to say this much at least,
One was a very perfect, gentle priest;
Th' other a man of law, prudent and wise,
Faithful and true to us in ev'ry guise.
As our emblem we chose mountain laurel,
And vowed, by our valor, to bear it well;
On our banner we wrote in shining gold:
"*Fide et Fiducia*"—"Faith and Courage bold."
'T was here, moreo'er, we encountered our foes,
The Freshmen impertinent 'gainst us rose,
Till we felt constrained to chastise them right.
I would I might tell you of that grand sight
When we closed with them in combat mortal,
And placed our banners on high, above all.
Nor ceased from the fray till, out of pity,
Others interposed to save the Freshie.
But if you would further know of this deed,
You may in another book it all read.
Now will I cease of Soph Country to tell,
And relate what in Junior State befell.

For shortly to show you is my intent
What adventure befell us as on we went.
This State was most happy, giddy, and free,
Irresponsible, jolly as could be;
With merriment, games, all manner o' sport,
And privileges of mighty import.
Here it happened, too, we first did debate
And hotly considered questions o' state.
Though by wily tricks our opponents scored,
In logic and wisdom we had them floored.
Thus passeth year by year and day by day,
That we, after struggles hard and severe,
Passed to Senior Hill, to our goal so near,
We fondly thought, if on tiptoe we'd stand,
We could see from afar our Promised Land.
And now we renounced the things of a child,
And tried to assume an expression mild,
Benignant, wise, officiously remote,
And on the dream of dignity we dote—
Until we see a smile, on passing by
And find, alas! 't is caused by cap awry,
For we, in token of past vict'ries won,
Are permitted the cap and gown to don,
Emblem of wisdom and power of mind.
New trials and tribulations we find;
Fate brings responsibilities new,
Traditions, ideals, and standards, too—
Besides the weight of the world—quite a weight,
Which, since Atlas died, Seniors undertake—
All to be held on high by our great strength.
Then Exams come around again at length,
To cause us to grind and cram and worry—
An awful bore when one's in a hurry.
Till at last we pass, by study and bluff,

To heights beyond, and, with due rites enough,
Diploma in hand, as now the guise is,
Celebrate Commencement exercises.
From the pinnacle of Graduation
We may look down upon ev'ry nation.
Advice we *endure* in polite silence,
For we, from our own vast experience,
Look down, with our superior knowledge,
On those who haven't sojourned at our College.
Our journey's through, there's no more to tell.
We solemnly bid our comrades farewell,
And armed with wisdom, diplomas, and plans,
We prepare to set out for other lands.
To the place called World we direct our care,
And to the Temple of Success we fare,
In our distant City of Heart's Desire,
By various routes, some far, some nigher,
Therefore I cease; as I am no diviner,
I may not say how Fate will incline her.
But this much: ere we had departed thence,
We all gave our promise that ten years hence,
From whatever lands or far distant clime
Held us, we'd return at the stated time,
And each of us then must truly relate
How she'd been treated at the hands of Fate.
This is th' effect, there is no more to say,
So thanking you all, I'll bid you good day.

HISTORIAN.

Here endeth the Records of Nineteen-Eleven.



Class Prophecy

One bright spring day in nineteen twenty-one,
The postman handed me my mail, and I
In careless fashion, just as he had giv'n it,
Looked slowly o'er the postmarks and then cried,
"What can this mean? Here's one from Petersburg,
And, yes, another from Virginia, too,
From Franklin; let me see, who did live there?"
I read them both full hastily and found
The contents practically the same, to wit:
"Dear ex-Classmate, ten years, you know, it's been
Since we in all our wisdom newly gained
Fared forth from Sweet Briar's portals on life's way.
The anniversary of that day draws nigh,
And all the six but you thus far have said
That they to Sweet Briar would return in June.
You'll surely come, and there we'll tell our tales,
And each shall hear how Fate in her own way
Has dealt with all the others of the six."
The signature which greeted me on one
Was Mary Parker Davidson, and then
I wondered why I had not recognized
Ere this that writing, seen so many times
In Academic Hall, informing us
Each Friday that we must hand in our cards
'Tween five and six; and various other days
That S. G. A. would after chapel meet.
In scrawly, scratchy little hand I read,
Or rather guessed, Miss Alma Wheeler Booth,

When I the second letter had perused.
So this is how it happened that I found
Myself, some few weeks later, at Sweet Briar,
Out on the arcade with my old friend Jo,
And waiting for the college airship bus
To bring our four classmates who were to come,
On number ninety-nine, the College Meteor.
When they arrived, 't was twice we had to look
To realize that there before us stood
Those worthy Seniors of nineteen 'leven;
For ten long years do work a mighty change
In the array and the condition
Of any one. They thought the same of us.
As they approached us, one was in the lead,
Away ahead and pointing out the way,
And from this very fact alone we knew
That she must be our Jennie Hurt.
Most prosperous looking she, and business like,
In dark blue suit, well tailored and quite trim;
But in her eyes that characteristic look
Of those who daily bend o'er microscopes.
Yet she had lived quite comfortably, I guess,
For she had taken on some weight, forsooth.
Behind her close, with jaunty little step,
And merry face that hadn't aged a bit,
Came Alma, surely—yet she, too, had changed.
Her skin was dark, her hair no longer gold.
The tropics only could do that, I thought.
Then next, with stately tread and dignified,
Came Mary, and my first thought was—
Her college training has not come to naught.
Executive ability she has,
Which was apparent in our Senior year;
I wonder what she's president of now.

And last of all, still lingering behind
To give some explanation as to trunks,
Was Emma, in the stylishest array
That could be found this side Paris, I'm sure.
She'd had success, but in what line nor how
I dared not even try to guess just then.
Our exclamations of astonishment,
Surprise, and joy, created so much mirth
Among the girls who stood around to see,
That we in self-defense dispersed, to meet
Again that night and give our history.

* * * * * *

A cosy parlor in Alumnæ Hall
Saw us assembled once again that night,
And Alma, as of old, must needs preside.
Then, too, since she still writes her name with B,
Must she her story give us first to hear:
"Well, as you know, my inclinations ran
To mission study and to good hard work
In college days; you may remember e'en
That I had visions of the Sandwich Isles,
And thought it perfectly lovely would be
To teach the little Sandwiches, you know.
So after school was out I made my plans,
And very soon departed for those lands.
I really only thought a year to stay,
But it so very fascinating proved,
That only recently did I return.
I can't begin to tell you all I've done,
Nor of the cunning little savages,
How very fond of them I grew and how
Horribly quick they learned, tho' sad to say,
I couldn't teach them Chemistry at all.

They didn't need it, so my cherished plans,
Alas, all came to naught in that respect."
"And now what are you going to do?" we asked.
A pause, and then, "Well, right from here I'm going
To see Miss Guion, who, as you may know,
A laboratory runs for Uncle Sam."
And then we laughed as we remembered how
It had been ever thus in days of yore.
We turned to Jennie next, and she began:
"Well, girls, I have a great surprise for you.
I taught Biology for several years,
Then went to Woods Hole, whence I have just come,
So now I am a Ph. D. for sure,
For I've worked out the whole anatomy
Of diemyctelus viridescens;
It's been more fun, and oh, so interesting.
Moreover, just this day I here received
An offer from Sweet Briar to be the head
Of its department in Biology,
The largest one in all the South, they say."
We all were glad, tho' not surprised, as she
In this her news for us, had thought we'd be.
"Now, Mrs. Davidson," we said, "pray tell
How you persuaded were to leave the ranks
Of those who live in single blessedness."
She smiled and said, "Perhaps you will recall
I didn't plan to teach like most of you.
I stayed at home and very soon found out
That my Domestic Science could be put
To use for Mr. William Davidson.
So that is how; then shortly afterward
From London town came Lady Vere de Vere
To lecture on the rights which are our due,
On Woman Suffrage and such things,

Which I had pondered o'er for many years.
She made it all so clear, that I could see
My mission was to show the South the way
In this, the greatest of our great reforms.
The last of June will see me in New York
As chairman of a suffrage conference.
My house? Oh, Mr. Davidson will see
That it and children run quite properly."
Her early training had not come to naught,
As I had guessed right fortunately.
We all were awed and silent for a while,
Till Josephine began in accents mild,
"Shall I come next with my prosaic tale?"
Of course we knew from this that it would be
The most exciting of them all to hear.
"The first year saw me as librarian
Of Union College at Schenectady.
Electric shops are situated there,
And so it 'fell that I the bride became
Of one, an engineer, quite poor, forsooth,
But full of wondrous possibilities.
We went out West, but—I can scarce relate—
An awful accident did end it all,
And I went East alone to drown my woe.
Sad years and quiet followed then,
But one cannot forever live alone.
This very night the airship will arrive
Of one well known by reputation
To all of you, for he it is, indeed,
Who has control o'er all pearl buttons sold,
O'er those which you have on, and you, and you.
We'll ride away, I know not where nor care,
We're sure to have a grand time anywhere."
And we all sighed at sign of such content,

But anxious were to hear what Emma'd done.
"I simply did what I most wanted to," she said.
"They didn't think I ought to go from home,
So first I stayed there and amused myself
By writing now and then for anything.
Then such a flattering offer came to me
That I packed up my things immediately,
Departed for New York, and there became
An editor for *Harper's Magazine*."
"But, Emma, what about the rumors heard
Of that dramatic critic on *The Sun?*
And is it true that he your future holds?"
She was embarrassed, that was plain to see,
But answered, "Well, I do not doubt that we
Some day will visit that most famous place,
The Little Church Around the Corner, called."
Whereat we all wished her great happiness,
And then the others looked at me askance.
"There's not a thing to tell, you may be sure,
One year's been much the same as all the rest.
I'm ten years older, wiser, too, perhaps,
I'm happy and contented, that's enough."

* * * * * *

Now, who can say that Fate has harshly dealt
With these, the members of our Senior Class?
More pleasant pictures I'd not wish to hold
In memory's book to gaze on when I'm old.

PROPHET.


JUNIOR
Busy!



Junior Class

FLOWER
Daffodil

COLORS
Gold and White

MOTTO
Scande in Culmen

OFFICERS

FRANCES NOYES MATSON *President*
NELLE KELLER *Vice President*
LOULIE WILSON *Secretary and Treasurer*
ELSIE L. ZAEGEL *Historian*

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CAROLINE LAMBERT SPARROW
MISS VIRGINIA RANDALL MCLAWS

The History of the Aeroplane 1912



To the BRIAR-PATCH:

IN accordance with your request, I am writing you from "Junior Bluff" the complete biography of the Sweet Briar Aeroplane Construction Company up to the present date.

We organized our Company in 1908, having an enrollment of sixteen stockholders. We incorporated for the set purpose of building an airship by means of which we would be enabled to fly to the highest point in Sweet Briar Land—Senior Pinnacle. We had a vague idea that this lofty peak lay somewhere a great way off in the Future, but knew nothing very definite about it, for at the time of our organization, it had never been discovered or explored.

We scarcely hoped to be the first ones to investigate this marvelous country, as two rival companies had applied for patents for their machines at the Sweet Briar Diploma Office before we could enter an application. However, this fact did not daunt us, for we decided that although we might not have the honor of being the first and foremost, we could, nevertheless, take more time and construct a well-balanced aeroplane which would be able to skim lightly all difficulties. In a word, it was to be a "model" which was to be the inspiration of all future corporations, and we hope our map of Senior Pinnacle will be so exact, pleasing, and enticing that it shall henceforth be used in all geography books.

After careful, well-planned preparation, we took our first flight from Freshman Valley in the fall of 1908. We poised momentarily on the ridge of the refectory roof. Following the universal mania of taking souvenirs from all restaurants and banqueting halls, we carelessly lopped off a large pennant bearing the numerals 1911 from the roof. Gazing down from our dizzy heights, we saw a mob of "raviators" gazing up at us open-mouthed, as if waiting for manna to fall from heaven. However, we paid no heed to this mute appeal, but descended again to earth.

We found ourselves considerably light headed after this, our first exploit, and decided we ought to have some more ballast. Upon consideration of our available resources, we determined that "pulverized pennant" was the best ballast, so we cremated our souvenir 1911 pennant and consecrated it to our purposes by weird orgies and diabolical songs and dances, known only to the Aero Company of 1912.

In June, after a week of struggle with Examinations, which threatened to become so entangled with our steering apparatus as to impede our progress, or even cause our machine to turn backwards like a turtle instead of forward, as any self-respecting aeroplane would do, we removed our basis of operation from the green fields of Freshman Valley to the starry Sophomore Hill.

One day as we were speeding along among thin clouds, we felt the front wing of our model aeroplane collide with something and our machine came to a sudden stop. We jumped out in great consternation to see what had befallen. There before us lay the mangled form of a beautiful peacock. Tears coursed down our cheeks as we gazed at this victim of our destructive progress. To think that we were guilty of being peacockicides! We were able to identify the poor bird by the Cash's woven names, which in accordance with a universal law in Sweet Briar Land, were stitched to its feathers. We read "Class 1913." Very much distressed at this sad accident, we very considerately gave the bird a decent burial and erected a tombstone bearing the touching inscription, "Hic jacet 1913."

Then we clambered into our car and fled the country, for we knew that as soon as the peacock's formidable relative, Fresh-pseudo-Jupiter, heard of his cousin's untimely decease he would be hot upon our trail, wreaking vengeance as he came. Sure enough, we had not progressed far before we heard F. P. Jupiter and his whole Olympic family bearing down upon us, hurling thunderbolts at us. Seeing these were ineffective, he opened the sluices of the heavens and attempted to drench us. However, we never travel any distance without our U-Need-A outfit of rubber hat, coat, and boots, so we felt amply protected. But when the storm continued for several days, we felt obliged to slip the halos from our heads under our arms and found they acted as efficient life preservers.

Although we managed to issue from the storms without any material injuries, we found our machine needed overhauling, so we ran up on Junior Bluff for repairs, and stretched ourselves out to bask in the genial sun of Junior Privileges, to dry out and restore ourselves to our natural humidity.

Here we reorganized our Company. Centralization seemed to be the great movement of the age, so we deemed it advisable to concentrate all the con-

trolling power of the Company in the hands of the four stockholders who had shown themselves to be most vitally interested in the welfare and ultimate success of the Company. And with this capable car genially coöperating, Big Fan at the head, we feel that next year we will be able to send you a wonderful, thrilling, and startling account of our explorations of Senior Peak.

ELSIE L. ZAEGEL, *Historian.*














Sophomore.
Clubs
Athletics
Studies
Everything!

Sophomore Class

CLASS BIRD

Peacock

COLORS

Peacock Blue and Green

MOTTO

Honor ante honores

OFFICERS

MAYO THACH *President*
BERNICE RICHARDSON *Vice President*
FRANCES MCPHERSON RICHARDSON *Secretary and Treasurer*
REBECCA WHITE *Historian*

MEMBERS

DONNELL DUNBAR AVIRETT Cumberland, Maryland
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON Evanston, Illinois
ESTHER HAZARD CORNWALL Short Hills, New Jersey
MARGARET LOUISE DALTON Winston-Salem, North Carolina
ELIZABETH FRANKE Louisville, Kentucky
BESSIE M. GRAMMER Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
SUE HARDIE Birmingham, Alabama
EVA HARKER HORNER Asheville, North Carolina
HELEN LAMFROM North Baltimore, Ohio
LUCILE MARSHALL Cleveland, Ohio
MARY B. PINKERTON Norfolk, Virginia
MARGARETHA RIBBLE Wytheville, Virginia
BERNICE RICHARDSON Leominster, Massachusetts
FRANCES MCPHERSON RICHARDSON Charleston, West Virginia
MAYO THACH Birmingham, Alabama
MARGARET HAZEL THOMAS Bramwell, West Virginia
MARY TYLER Hagerstown, Maryland
REBECCA WHITE Walton, New York

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CONNIE M. GUION Charlotte, North Carolina
MISS JESSAMINE CHAPMAN Portland, Oregon



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Chronicles of 1913

BOOK I

In which 1913 makes her entrance into college life and in which she overcomes certain trials and difficulties

THE year 1909 will always be remembered as the date when the most glorious and mighty Class of 1913 first entered the gates of Sweet Briar. Now 1913 was then new, the type of the verdant Freshman, and she showed her newness by typical *abandon* and a zeal for battle.

Now there was in college a certain other little class, small in numbers, but big in pride. And this little 1912 dared even to brave the doughty 1913—to challenge her to combat. 1913 saw and pitied her foe, for she well realized the puniness of 1912. Yet it was not for her to scorn a challenge. Thus one evening the forces met. Great was the din of battle and mighty the clash of water-pitchers. But Fate did not decree that the battle be fought to its finish. An angel of peace, a Junior angel, bore her benignant face upon the scene and bade the storm subside. The storm was calmed, but alas! it was only gathering strength for another outburst.

In which the battle is finished, a truce is declared; and 1913 goes peaceably on rejoicing and planting roses

Long time had the forces of war been gathering. At last, one night Mars declared the moment propitious for battle. Great jubilee had been held, the dancers were returning from the masked ball. All unwittingly 1912 came tripping homeward. Suddenly from her ambush in the narrow pass of the hallway, rushed 1913 eager for the fray. Cries resounded, but 1912 was small and agile and the few escaped, where superior numbers would have fallen. Yet 1913's revenge was not yet sated. Not until 1912 had been fully humbled did she rest in peace and smile the smile of victory. So passed the fighting days of 1913, when the strong spirit of youth coursed in her veins and her heart leapt with the newness and intensity of life.

Now 1912, though defeated, still watched 1913 with jealous eye. Yet she knew herself powerless before the superior strength of her rival. But 1912

was crafty, and she bethought herself of a wily plan for the discipline of 1913. Said she, "I have roses which must e'en be planted. But the soil is harsh and my hands are tender. I will bestow the roses as a peace offering upon 1913." So the roses were duly presented. Now 1913 was not of a temper to be troubled by any hardship. The roses must be welcomed, planted, and cared for, but said 1913, "A cheerful heart maketh pleasure of toil." Mid songs and rejoicings the roses were put in the mellow earth. They grew and brought forth many blossoms, with which 1913 decked herself to the envy of her rival.

BOOK II

In which 1913 is no longer young, but enters upon the dignities of a Sophomore

Childhood passes into youth, so does the Freshman pass into the Sophomore. And in passing into the Sophomore she lays aside the things of Freshmen—no longer does battle call her with its hire of actions; her mind is settled serenely upon loftier things. The blind terror of her early conflicts has left her. No longer does she advance to the exam room with drooping head and dewy eye. She bears herself bravely, she wears the confident smile of one who has passed safely through the storm and stress of many tourneys. For she has dwelt in the shadow of knowledge for many days. Fondly and indulgently she smiles at the follies of her youth, for now the very name of Freshman is trivial to her. She stands on the threshold of Juniorship. Soon she will be struggling with Ethics and Philosophy. In truth, 1913 is growing old and wise, even as is the sign and symbol of her power, old Father Peacock.






FRESHMAN.

Freshman Class

COLORS
Garnet and Gold

FLOWER
Jack Rose

MOTTO
Facta epochæ sunt

TREE
Holly Tree

OFFICERS

Henrietta Washburn *President*
Eleanor Sommerville *Vice President*
Rebekah Patton *Secretary*
Ellen Hayes *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Grace Callan — Jane Cunningham
Erna Driver — Elizabeth Green
Ellen Hayes — Eleanor Koon
Ruth Maurice — Sallie Miller
Rebekah Patton — Sue Slaughter
Alice Swain — Mary Sutherland
Katherine Wilson — Lucille Schoolfield
Bessie Scott — Eleanor Sommerville
Doris Thompson — Elsie Walkup
Henrietta Washburn

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Aileen Ward — Miss Annie M. Powell
Mr. William B. Dew



FRESHMAN CLASS

How 1914 Became Famous

SOME folks calls us Babies an' some Freshies, but we ain't either—we's the *Freshman Class.*

On the twenty-first of September, 1910, we came to Sweet Briar all 'lone and scared, 'cause we didn't have any one that was kind to take care of us. At any rate, we made up our minds to "Prove ourselves worthy of our college," as those wonderful Seniors say who wear their hats and coats all the time (I wonder if they ever go to sleep in them!)

Pretty soon after we got here, there was a awful fierce lookin' sign put up on the bull'tin board, an' it said: "Freshman meeting to-night after chapel." Somfin' mus' be up, thought I, so I jus' took off my collar, rolled up my sleeves, and went to that meetin' with my knees shakin' so I could scarcely sit still! (I had never been to a really truly meetin' before.) When I got there I saw nineteen more Fresh-ladies, jus' like me (I never did see why they called us men), and they looked ready to fight to the very end for the Class (that's the same as themselves). The girl with the funny face told us we'd have to "erect offices" (that means choose people to do all the work), an' oh, but we felt big to see our Class "Mommer" (the Seniors say she's our "precedent") get up on the platform in front of us. We all said: "How could the Fresh-ladies be anythin' 'cept famous, with such an "office" as that!"

Now I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise not to tell! Honest, cross your heart? Well, the Juniors (that's our "sisters") painted a Santy an' pinned him on the bull'tin board, an' wrote on him: "The Juniors invite the Freshmen to Administration Building after lights. Come dressed as babies or Santa won't like it." Hm! "Babies!" I guess they didn't know that we Fresh-ladies had a meetin' like we did, or they'd have been scared to sugges' such a thing! Well, we decided to go anyway, an' we even dressed up like we *were* babies, an' went to the party. Who do you reckon was there? Jus' guess! He givd every one of us a funny lookin' package off a great big Christmas tree, all lighted up. Now do you know who he was? I believe you do. Well, we sat down in front of a big fire that made awful shadows on the wall, an' made us shiver an' creep close up to each other, an' then we ate cocoa an' cakes an' fings, an' told the horriblest ghost stories you ever did hear.

We stayed awful late an' felt so 'shamed, an' we couldn't even say "thank you" right. Goin' home it seemed jus' like we'd been floatin' round in fairy-land like bubbles an' then jus' busticated.

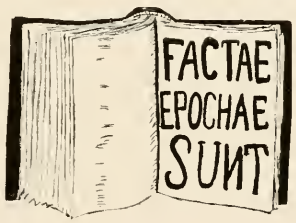
But never min', we all got together an' thought, an' thought, an' thought! The end of all that thinkin' was somefin' mos' too gran' to be true, an' showed our real execution powers. It was a huge party for all the college students an' their honor-airy members, an' we gave it on Valentine's night. Hearts were danglin' everywheres, inside an' out of us—an' if you could jus' have seen some of those games we made the "grown-ups" play! (I forgot to say the Seniors left their hats an' coats at home this once.) Then jus' like light-nin', what do you s'pose happened? Lights winked! (Some one said "Mom-mer" told 'em to, but I know she didn't, 'cause they don't min' jus' like that.) When everybody had said the little speech their "Mommers" had told 'em to say, we Fresh-ladies went home proudly wearin' our colors, red and gold.

Didn't I tell you we could execution well! The next fing we did was to have the "bait" (that mus' mean somefin' to catch fish with, but I don't see where were the fish), an' no one was in it but Fresh-ladies. I was jus' so excited I could scarcely sit still. First my heart would flustercate for one side an' then for the other! I liked the parts 'bout Catherine de Medecin an' trans-immigration of souls. It sounded so fine! Oh, I forgot! Perhaps you'd like to know what 'twas all about? I know, but I'm *not* goin' to tell you!

Now there's anozzer fing I want to tell you, an' then I 'clare I'll stop. Did you know we let one of our Fresh-ladies be "Capman" of the college basket ball team? I tell you what, we're glad we did, 'cause she frowed the ball in the basket 'bout 1914 times, and those "Specialities" were so 'shamed!

After we'd done all these wonderful things, then our "Mommer," with an awful misunderstandable speech, said we'd been such good children and showed to the world (that's Sweet Briar!) that doin's was better than sayin's, that she'd let us write in our Baby Book free funny words—do you want to know what they are?

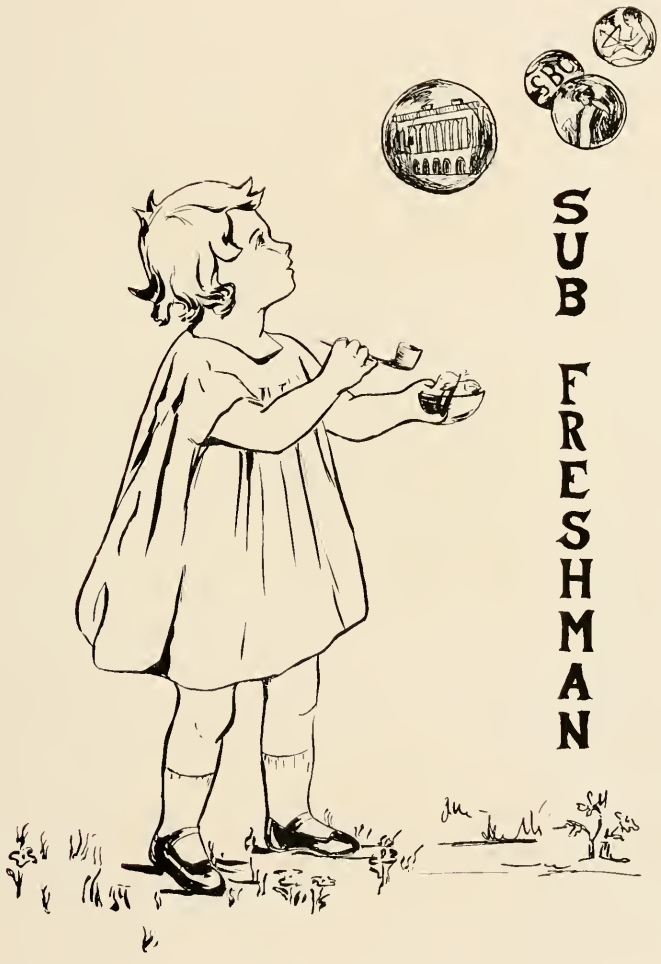
HISTORIAN.










SUB FRESHMAN

Sub-Freshman Class

COLORS

Green and Lilac

FLOWER

Lilac

MOTTO

Cheer up! We're coming

OFFICERS

EMMA O. THOMAS *President*

LUCY TILLMAN *Vice President*

ELIZABETH MERRITT *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

C. MARY ALLEN

RUTH BARNETT

MOLLIE BLOUNT

WALKER BRADFORD

REBEKAH BULLARD

THEODOSIA CLARK

SUSANNA DENMAN

MARGARET ENGELHARD

HARRIET EVANS

MARY ALLGOOD JONES

BYRD KNOX

ELIZABETH MERRITT

MARJORIE MOSS

ABBIE MUNROE

ENID SIPE

MARGARET STALEY

DOROTHY TAYLOR

EMMA O. THOMAS

LUCY TILLMAN

MARY ELLIS WALKER

MERTIE WATSON



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS

Sub-Freshman History

OF all the classes at Sweet Briar College, *we* consider the Sub-Freshman the most important and distinguished, though, so far, all our efforts to convince others of this fact have been rather futile. We are the most important, for have we not almost twice the enrollment of any other class? And surely, being the first organized Sub-Freshmen, we are very distinguished. When, at the beginning of the term, in September, 1910, it was decided to organize this Class, there were found twenty-three eligible members. A meeting was called, and in a very dignified manner and with much serious thought, a president, vice president, and secretary and treasurer were elected unanimously! Hereafter, the meetings of the Class—being very well attended, sometimes two and sometimes three members being present—were properly conducted with all the dignity natural for a meeting of such importance, and which dealt with such weighty affairs. Among the most important matters discussed was: "How shall the Sub-Freshman Class of S. B. C. dress to have the Class picture taken?" This was a subject that interested every serious-minded member; probably no other meetings were so well attended as those held to determine this matter of such serious consequence, and several heated discussions took place. The most important event in our youthful career, however, was our début. The marvelously arranged affair proved to all the ability of the new class—never before had Sweet Briar witnessed such gorgeous costumes—for it was a Tacky Party.

The Sub-Freshman Class of Sweet Briar College—how important it sounds, and what lofty aspirations it inspires! Why, just from the name, one can imagine all sorts of nice things—not such *frivolous* affairs as occupy the mind of a Senior, never!—but thoughts of being a "regular" and of having class teas and dinners. Indeed, there are many pleasant outlooks for fun as "Sub" in 1911, but next year—Freshmen and then—what?





COLLEGE BUILDINGS



Student Government Association

MARY V. PARKER *President*

LOULIE WILSON *Vice President*

EUGENIA BUFFINGTON *Secretary*

ELIZABETH FRANKE *Treasurer*

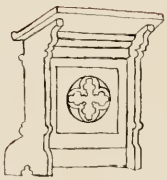
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

JENNIE HURT MARY TYLER

ELSIE ZAEGEL



STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION



YWCA

OFFICERS

LOULIE M. WILSON *President*

EUGENIA BUFFINGTON *Vice President*

HENRIETTA WASHBURN *Secretary*

ELSIE ZAEGEL *Treasurer*

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

LUCILE MARSHALL Devotional

EUGENIA BUFFINGTON Membership

BESSIE GRAMMER Social

REBECCA WHITE Missionary

D. DUNBAR AVIRETT Intercollegiate

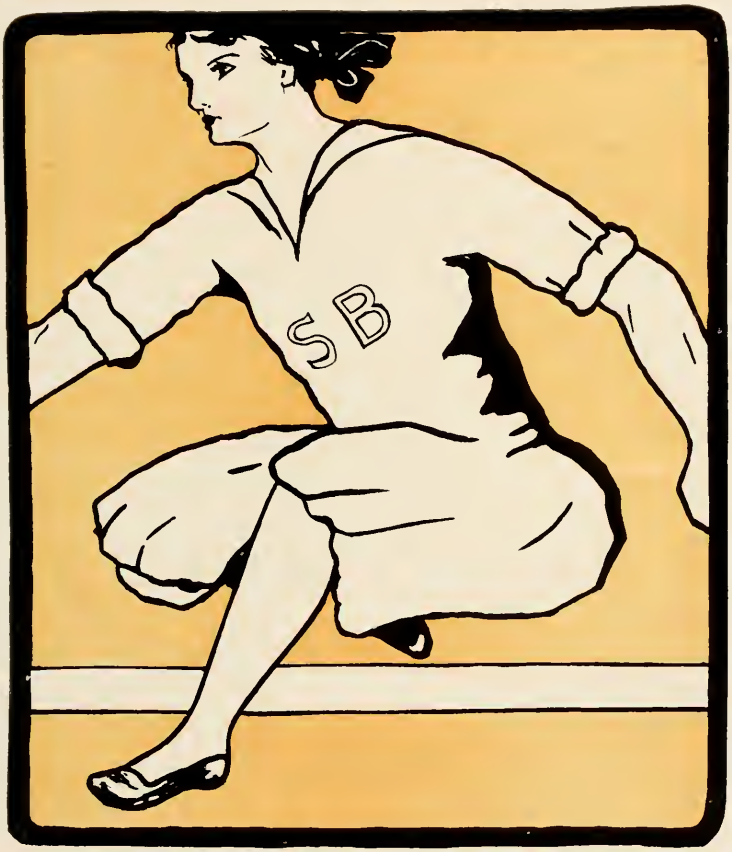
ELSIE ZAEGEL Finance

FRANCES RICHARDSON Extension



Y. W. C. A.





ATHLETICS

Athletic Association

MARGARET DALTON *President*

ELIZABETH FRANKE *Vice President*

SUE HARDY *Secretary*

BERNICE RICHARDSON *Treasurer*



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

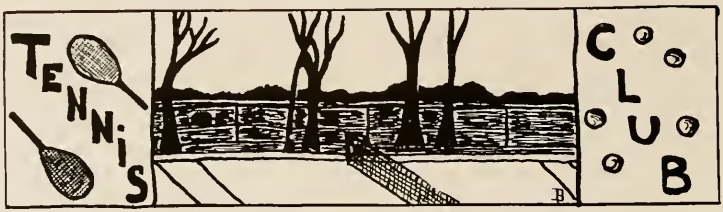


ADDIE ERVIN *President* HALLIE EVERETT ... *Secretary and Treasurer*

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
FLORENCE ANDERSON
DOROTHY BANCROFT
LOUISE BEADLES
JULIA BEVILLE
MOLLIE BLOUNT
EMMA BRADFIELD
CLARA MAY BROOKS
META HOLT BRYAN
HARRIET BUCHANAN
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
REBEKAH BULLARD
GRACE CALLAN
CAROLINE CAPERTON
BESSIE CAROTHERS
CLYTIE CARROLL
GRACE CARROLL
LUCY CATLETT
THEODOSIA CLARK
LUCY CHENEY
MARGARET COBB
ESTHER CORNWALL
KATHERINE COVEY
MARION CRAIN
ELISE CRADDOCK
EUGENIA CULBERSON
MARGARET DALTON
ELIZABETH DARNALL
PAULINE DARNELL
NELLIE DAVIDSON
SARA DENHAM
SUSANNA DENMAN
HELEN DITTENHAVER
ALMA EISENDRATH
MILDRED ELY
MARGARET ENGELHARD
CLARE ERCK
ADDIE C. ERVIN
HARRIET EVANS
HALLIE CALL EVERETT
MARCELITE FARRIS
ELIZABETH FRANKE
MARJORIE FRENCH
BESSIE GRAMMER
CORA GREGG
ETHEL GREGORY
CLAUDINE GRIFFIN
CAROLYN GWATHMEY
MARGARET HADDOCK
CATHERINE HALL
NORINE HARRISON
ETHEL V. JAMISON
MARY ALLGOOD JONES
NELLE KELLER
ELEANOR KOON
HELEN LAMFROM
DELIA LINDSAY
MATTIE WELCH LOGAN
MARY LOUISE McCLINTOCK
MARIE MAHONE
LUCILE MARSHALL
FRANCES MARTIN
FRANCES MATSON
KATHRYNE MATTINGLY
RUTH MAURICE
EM TURNER MERRITT
KITTEN MERRITT
SALLIE MILLER
MARY MOORE
EMMA MORRISS
MARJORIE MOSS
SERENA MOTTER
ABBIE MUNROE
JOSEPHINE MURRAY
ANNA NORRIS
MARY OLD NORTHERN
ELOISE ORME
MARY VIRGINIA PARKER
REBEKAH EVERETT PATTON
FRANCES M. RICHARDSON
WILLIE BENHAM REEDER
LUCILLE SCHOOLFIELD
ELEANOR WINGFIELD
HENRIETTA WASHBURN
MARY ELLIS WALKER
MARGARETHA RIBBLE
BERNICE RICHARDSON
LOIS M. RICHARDSON
KATHERINE QUINBY
HELEN RUTHERFORD
MARGARET THOMAS
JANE GREGORY
SUE HARDIE
ELLEN HAYES
LUCILE HEGGIE
IONE HINDS
EVA HORNER
JENNIE HURT
HELEN JALONICK
BYRD KNOX
RUTH LLOYD
LUCY MINOR
HELEN MONASH
MARION PHILLIPS
MARY PINKERTON
CAMMIE RODMAN
OLGA SABEL
BESSIE SCOTT
ETHEL SHOOP
EDNA SHUNK
SARA SIMONS
SUE SLAUGHTER
ENRIQUE SMITH
CORDELIA STACY
MARGARET STALEY
MARTHA STEELE
REBA STEPHENSON
MARY SUTHERLAND
FRANCES SUMMERS
ALICE SWAIN
DOROTHY TAYLOR
MAYO THACH
LOIS THACKER
LUCY TILLMAN
MARTHA TILLMAN
HELEN M. TUCKER
ELIZABETH TYSON
MARY TYLER
DOROTHY WALLACE
SEA WILLOW WARD
EULA WEAKLEY
HELENA WEBSTER
REBEKAH WHITE
KATHERINE WILSON
LOULIE WILSON
LINDA WRIGHT
ELSIE ZAEGEL



BOAT CLUB



ELLEN V. HAYES.....*President* MARTHA TILLMAN.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

VIRGINIA ABBOTT LOUISE BEADLES
META BRYAN HARRIET BUCHANAN
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON REBEKAH BULLARD
GRACE CALLAN CAROLINE CAPERTON
BESSIE CAROTHERS CLYTIE CARROLL
GRACE CARROLL EUGENIA CULBERSON
LUCY CATLETT THEODOSIA CLARK
MARGARET DALTON ELIZABETH DARNALL
NELLIE DAVIDSON SUSANNA DENMAN
ALMA EISENDRATH MARGARET ENGELHARD
CLARE ERCK ADDIE ERVIN
HARRIET EVANS HALLIE EVERETT
BESSIE GRAMMER ELIZABETH GREEN
CORA GREGG ETHEL GREGORY
CAROLINE GWATHMEY CAROLINE GWATHMEY
CATHERINE HALL ELIZABETH HAIL
MARGARET HADDOCK NORINE HARRISON
IONE HINDS EVA HORNER
ELEANOR KOON ESTHER KELLER
DELIA LINDSAY RUTH LLOYD
FRANCES MATSON RUTH MAURICE
EM TURNER MERRITT M. ELIZABETH MERRITT
HELEN MONASH MARY MOORE
JOSEPHINE MURRAY MARY NORTHERN
ELOISE ORME MARY V. PARKER
REBEKAH PATTON EMMA WILSON MORRISS
MARGARETHA RIBBLE FRANCES RICHARDSON KATHERINE QUINBY
CAMMIE RODMAN LUCILLE SCHOOLFIELD
BESSIE SCOTT ETHEL SHOOP
SUE SLAUGHTER JANE SNOW
FRANCES SUMMERS ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
MARY SUTHERLAND ALICE SWAIN
DOROTHY TAYLOR MAYO THACH
EMMY THOMAS LUCY TILLMAN
MARTHA TILLMAN HELEN TUCKER
MARY TYLER ELIZABETH TYSON
MARY ELLIS WALKER HELENA WEBSTER
SEA WILLOW WARD KATHERINE WILSON
LOULIE WILSON LINDA WRIGHT ELSIE ZAEGEL



TENNIS CLUB



BASKET-BALL.



College Basket Ball Team

ELLEN V. HAYES.....Captain
ELLEN V. HAYES.....Forward
ELSIE L. ZAEGEL.....Forward
MARY TYLER.....Center Center
MARGARET DALTON.....Side Center
BESSIE GRAMMER.....Guard
ESTHER CORNWALL.....Guard
MAYO THACH.....Substitute
ELIZABETH FRANKE.....Substitute

Sub-Special Team

MARGARET DUVALL.....Captain
IDA ROSS.....Forward
EMMY THOMAS.....Forward
MARGARET DUVALL.....Center Center
ELIZABETH CRAVEN.....Side Center
MARGARET ENGELHARD.....Substitute



COLLEGE BASKET BALL TEAM



SUB-SPECIAL BASKET BALL TEAM

Championship Games

DURING the first few weeks of the Fall Term, the basket ball field is, to some extent at least, the center of attraction, for those who wish to try for the teams, as well as for the members gathered to watch the practice games. It is, however, when the day set for the match games finally comes around that enthusiasm reaches its highest pitch. This year the championship games were played between the College Team and the Sub-Special Team, on November fifteenth and seventeenth. Needless to say, the students assembled on the field, practically *en masse*, waving banners and shouting excitedly, forming enthusiastic partisans.

The line-up was as follows:

College		*Sub-Special*
E. HAYES (Captain)	Right Forward	I. ROSS
E. ZAEGEL	Left Forward	E. THOMAS
M. TYLER	Center	M. DUVALL (Captain)
M. DALTON	Side Center	M. PHILLIPS
B. GRAMMER	Right Guard	E. CRAVEN
E. CORNWALL	Left Guard	C. GRIFFIN

MISS TIMBERLAKE Umpire
MISS POWELL Referee

After hard playing on both sides, the first game was decided in favor of the College Team, a high score being made. The score of the second game was again in favor of the College, thus winning for that team the championship for the year 1910-11. After the final game, a dinner was given to the victorious team. The color scheme carried out in the table decorations was that of our athletic colors, green and white. At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held the same evening, Dr. Benedict awarded the letters to the girls who had won them.

Field-Day Records

EVENT	HOLDER	RECORD
Running High Jump	E. HAYES	3 ft. 11 in.
Running Broad Jump	E. HAYES	14 ft.
Standing Broad Jump	J. CUNNINGHAM	7 ft. 3 in.
Hop, Step and Jump	E. HAYES	31 ft. 11 in.
Putting 8-Pound Shot	M. TYLER	22 ft. 3 in.
Basket Ball Throw	M. DUVALL	60 ft. 2 in.
100-Feet Hurdles	F. MATSON	5.2 seconds
50-Yard Dash	L. HOOPER	6.6 seconds
100-Yard Dash	E. HAYES	12.8 seconds


DRAMATICS

"Paint and Patches"

OFFICERS

MARGARET COBB *President*
BESSIE GRAMMER *Vice President*
MAYO THACH *Secretary*
MARTHA TILLMAN *Treasurer*
MARY PINKERTON, MARY ERVIN *Committee*

MEMBERS

LOUISE BEADLES
MARY W. BELL
JULIA BEVILLE
MOLLIE BLOUNT
ALMA BOOTH
FLORA BRYAN
META BRYAN
GRACE CALLAN
MARGARET COBB
SARAH COOPER
THEODOSIA CLARK
JANE CUNNINGHAM
PAULINE DARNELL
SARA DENHAM
SUSANNA DENMAN
ERNA DRIVER
ALMA EISENDRATH
FAYE A. ELLIOTT
CLARE ERCK
MILDRED ELY
ADDIE ERVIN
MARY ERVIN
HARRIET EVANS
HALLIE EVERETT
MARCELITE FARRIS
BESSIE FRANKE
MARJORIE FRENCH
BESSIE GRAMMER
CORA GREGG
ETHEL GREGORY
CLAUDINE GRIFFIN
ELIZABETH HAIL
CATHERINE HALL
SUE HARDIE
ELLEN HAYES
LUCILE HEGGIE
IONE HINDS
EVA HORNER
JENNIE HURT
MARY JONES
HELEN LAMFROM
NELLE KELLER
MARY McKINNEY
KATHERINE WILSON

JEANNE ALEXANDER
ELIZABETH ANDERSON
D. DUNBAR AVIRETT
DOROTHY BANCROFT
CATHERINE BOSSON
HARRIET BUCHANAN
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
ESTHER CORNWALL
ELIZABETH CRAVEN
BESSIE CAROTHERS
MARGARET ENGELHARD
MARGARET DALTON
ELIZABETH DARNALL
CAROLYN GWATHMEY
MARGARET HADDOCK
MATTIE WELCH LOGAN
FRANCES NOYES MATSON
KATHRYNE MATTINGLY
EMMA WILSON MORRISS
MARY VIRGINIA PARKER
WILLIE BENHAM REEDER
MARGARETHA RIBBLE
BERNICE RICHARDSON
FRANCES RICHARDSON
FLORENCE CARR RIDDLE
S. MARGUERITE SHAFER
ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE
ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND
MARGARET H. THOMAS
HELENA MAY WEBSTER
KATHERINE LANIER
EM TURNER MERRITT
JOSEPHINE MURRAY
LEONORA NORVELL
VIRGINIA ROBERTSON
HELEN RUTHERFORD
LUCILLE SCHOOLFIELD
ELEANOR WINGFIELD
ELEANOR FURMAN
ELIZABETH GREEN
KATHERINE QUINBY
LOIS RICHARDSON
MARY ELLIS WALKER
DOROTHY WALLACE
FRANCES SUMMERS

MARIE MAHONE
LUCILE MARSHALL
FRANCES MARTIN
RUTH MAURICE
KITTEN MERRITT
SALLIE MILLER
LUCY MINOR
HELEN MONASH
MARY MOORE
MARJORIE MOSS
SERENA MOTTER
ABBIE MUNROE
MARY NORTHERN
ELOISE ORME
JULIET PARRIS
MARION PHILLIPS
MARY PINKERTON
CAMMIE RODMAN
IDA POLK ROSS
OLGA SABEL
BESSIE SCOTT
ETHEL SHOOP
SUE SLAUGHTER
ENID SIPE
ENRIQUE SMITH
JANE W. SNOW
MARY SPRINKEL
CORDELIA STACY
MARGARET STALEY
REBA STEPHENSON
RUTH STEVENS
DOROTHY TAYLOR
MAYO THACH
EMMY O. THOMAS
LUCY TILLMAN
MARTHA TILLMAN
HELEN TUCKER
MARY TYLER
ELIZABETH TYSON
MERTIE WATSON
EULA WEAKLEY
REBECCA WHITE
LOULIE WILSON
ELSIE ZAEGEL



PAINT AND PATCHES

A Criticism of the Presentation of "As You Like It" at Sweet Briar

I MUST begin by confessing that, until the night of June 5th, 1910, I was very much averse to seeing "As You Like It" presented at Sweet Briar. And before I go on to explain how completely I was forced at last to change my mind, I want to offer a few excuses for my unorthodox opinion. For so many years I had seen the "idyllic," and especially the "Shakespearean idyllic," attempted in colleges, academies, and even by children in intermediate schools, that I felt like saying with Miss Eliza Jameson when she saw the curate's sixth new baby, "I have no patience with that sort of thing." It has always seemed to me that amateurs, when about to choose a play, seize upon Shakespeare with the same avidity that undergraduates, having a free essay choice, select Stevenson, and with the same result—a moderate and uninteresting success.

The success of "As You Like It," as presented at Sweet Briar, was neither moderate nor uninteresting. It was irresistible. In the first scene of the first act I felt my prejudices breaking down, and in the second scene I was congratulating myself on the privilege of being a spectator. Some one suggested that my change of heart might be partly accounted for by the fact that I was stationed near one of the lights, and allowed to fancy myself useful, under a pretense of directing the focus of the rays toward the stage. I admit I have very little understanding of the science of light, but I thought I made up for my ineffectiveness in that respect by the assiduity with which I flung rocks into the swamp to keep the frogs quiet when their pipings rose too loud. However that may be, I am sure that even the knowledge of public service is not enough to inspire one with a feeling of permanent pleasure, particularly if the night is cold; and so I am quite safe in saying that it was purely the excellence of the production that makes June 5th stand out in my mind as an epoch in Sweet Briar history.

The play, as should be the case in every idyll, owed its charm more to general effect than to individual acting; although the individual acting offered

small opportunity for reproach. The Sweet Briar dell, down among the trees, with its rustic bridge, and its long grasses at the edge of the pool which caught just enough sparkle of light to appear a very respectable body of water indeed, was the most perfect spot in the world to bring out the pastoral peace of the shepherd scenes, and the fantastic witchery of the dialogues between Touchstone and Rosalind. The costumes had the Shakespearean lavishness and regardlessness of surroundings. Could anything but velvets and satins be possible in the Forest of Arden? There were no hitches or delays, no forgotten lines, no inaudible voices. There was no obviously bad acting. To be sure, Adam occasionally forgot to make his stick tremble, and the voice that came from his starved and feeble lips was sometimes surprisingly vigorous. And the banished Duke looked as if fitted by nature to be Rosalind's brother rather than her father. The usurping Duke would have rivalled in ferocity the most lowering villain of the melodramatic stage, had his short, mincing steps not been more in keeping with the part of soubrette. These things, however, were merely incongruities, hardly to be considered out of place in such a land of wonder as Arden.

In Amiens, one was not displeased to recognize the charming Alan-a-dale of last year. He sang his "Under the Greenwood Tree" enchantingly. The melancholy Jacques wisely gave himself no chance to misinterpret an impossible part. He looked very handsome and serious in his black velvet mantle. He prudently anchored himself by an enormous pair of boots to one spot, so that he should not be tempted into aimless ambling; and there he stood and spoke his lines with fine passivity.

Phœbe was as amorous and cruel a coquette as one would wish to see.

Audrey, contrary to tradition, was neither awkward nor ugly. She was a wild, graceful little creature with nimble feet and flying hair. I liked her so; for I never have been able to fit a homely Audrey into the beauty of Arden.

If Touchstone had added a tail to his motley, doubtless one would often have seen him swinging by it down from the trees. Miss Zaegel won much applause for her talent in reproducing the monkeyish tricks of the favorite clown, but she made no attempt to interpret the subtlety of the poet's wit.

Celia, in her effort to emphasize the strength of her cousin's independent character, almost overdid her part of clinging affectionateness. She seemed more like a timid, loving wife, trying to keep her brutal husband in a good temper, than like a comrade and friend. All the things she did were done obviously because she wanted to please Rosalind and not because she enjoyed doing them. Miss Thach's interpretation of Celia is, however, a perfectly legitimate one. She acted the part with her usual eerie grace.

Orlando was a very proper hero for a Shakespearean maiden to love—

not quite worthy of Rosalind, of course; but Shakespeare's young men, charming as they always are, and pleasant-spoken, and possessed of all the courtly virtues, are never altogether worthy of the quick-witted, vivacious heroines. Orlando, as Miss Tyler portrayed him, could sigh superbly; he could be gratifyingly fierce and divinely melancholy. And he looked enchantingly beautiful and romantic in his dark, wine-colored cloak.

Rosalind, beyond all question, was the star performer of the evening. She united real dramatic talent with literary excellence in the interpretation of her part. Whether she was in her court dress or her shepherd's smock, she was the "right Rosalind." Miss Buffington succeeded astonishingly well in representing the swift changes of mood that characterize this most delightful heroine. She never failed to strike an answering chord in her audience. The pretty excitement with which she met Orlando and fell in love with him, the whims and caprices her love created in her, gained one's admiration at once. The melancholy resignation with which she received the Duke's verdict, the real joyousness she felt in her new life as a shepherdess, the childish humor of the tricks she played Orlando, and, withal, her high spirits, and the ready wit of her sallies, held one spellbound.

But there was another star performer in this happy company—one whose name did not appear on the program. For it was to her that the success of what I called "the general effect" was due. It was her brain that planned and her hand that wrought. And I feel no regret in confessing to her and to the cast that I was wrong in my forebodings about the play. I am glad that "As You Like It" was given at Sweet Briar, and still more glad that I saw it. If I were some omnipotent power, whose opinion it was necessary to consult on important matters, I should, upon the first application for advice from the Sweet Briar Dramatic Club, give them *carte blanche;* for they have wisdom and judgment and a desire to work for what is worth while.

M. P.



Plays

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

Cast

Valentine Margaret Cobb
Phil Eugenia Buffington
McComas Frances Richardson
Bohen Margaret Thomas
William Mary Tyler
Gloria Mayo Thach
Dolly Bessie M. Grammer
Mrs. Clanden Elsie Zaegel
Waitress Cammie Rodman
Martha Tillman Stage Manager
Margaret Dalton Costumes

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

To be presented in the Sweet Briar Dell, June 5th, 1911.



MERRY JESTERS



MERRY JESTER

OFFICERS

MARY TYLER *President*

MARTHA TILLMAN *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

DOROTHY BANCROFT GRACE CALLAN CORA GREGG

IDA POLK ROSS MARGARET COBB

ELIZABETH HAIL JANE SNOW

MARGARET DALTON ELLEN HAYES

MARY ERVIN ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE

RUTH MAURICE REBA STEPHENSON

ELEANOR FURMAN MARION PHILLIPS

MARY SUTHERLAND ELIZABETH GREEN

FRANCES RICHARDSON EMMY THOMAS

MARGARET THOMAS

Plays

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE"

Cast

Sylvia Summers Margaret Cobb
Miss Clementina Eleanor Sommerville
Helen Elizabeth Green
Miss Leicester Reba Stephenson
French Maid Mary Ervin
Harold Reynolds Ellen Hayes
Mulberry Emmy Thomas
Gerald Holmes Frances Richardson
Savage Marion Phillips
Martin Jane Snow
David Holmes Mary Tyler

"THE RETURN OF DEBORAH"

Cast

Blossom Farrar Elizabeth Hail
Margaret Florence Riddle
Delia Jane Snow
Jane Grace Callan
Sarah Martha Tillman



RIP-PLER

OFFICERS

BESSIE M. GRAMMER.....*President*

ADDIE C. ERVIN.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

ALMA BOOTH
MARY BELL
CATHERINE BOSSON
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON
THEODOSIA CLARK
ELIZABETH CRAVEN
ELIZABETH FRANKE
ERNA DRIVER
JENNIE HURT
NELLE KELLER
HELEN LAMFROM
LUCILE MARSHALL
EMMA MORRISS
JOSEPHINE MURRAY
LEONORA NORVELL
MARY PARKER
MARY PINKERTON
SARA SIMONS
ENID SIPE
ELSIE ZAEGEL
ELIZABETH TYSON
REBECCA WHITE

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CONNIE M. GUION
MISS JESSAMINE CHAPMAN
MISS ANNIE M. POWELL



THE RIPPLER

Plays

"A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON"

CAST

Alexis Petrovitch NELLE KELLER
(A journeyman, afterward Gustav, Count of Woroffski)

Poleska (his wife) EUGENIA BUFFINGTON

Baroness Vladimer (his sister) ELIZABETH FRANKE

Ivan (a master shoemaker) ELIZABETH TYSON

Micheline (his daughter) CATHERINE BOSSON

Koulikoff Demetrovitch THEODOSIA CLARK
(Indentent of the Chateau Woroffski)

Osif (a young peasant) REBECCA WHITE

"THE FACTS IN THE CASE"

CAST

Agnes Grosvenor (a young widow) BESSIE GRAMMER

John Armstrong (her lover) ELIZABETH TYSON

Millie Camp (a friend) ERNA DRIVER

Maid ELSIE ZAEGEL

Policeman ELIZABETH FRANKE

Sweet Briar Song

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! the flower fair,
The rose that on your crest you wear
Shall never fade, but always bear
Thy beauty, O Sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! thy columns white
Shine on the hills, a beacon light
Of truth to burn with radiance bright
Forever, O Sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! we sing to thee,
May thy foundations ever be
Strong as thy hills; thy purity
That of thy rose, Sweet Briar!

M. PINKERTON, '13


MUSIC



GLEE CLUB

OFFICERS

Miss Helen F. Young.....*Conductor*
Faye A. Elliott.....*Accompanist*
Reba D. Stephenson.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

FIRST SOPRANO

ELIZABETH ANDERSON	ESTHER CORNWALL	NELLIE DAVIDSON
MILDRED ELY	CLARE ERCK	MARY ERVIN
HALLIE EVERETT	MARGARET HADDOCK	HELEN HIBBERD
ENID SIPE	ENRIQUE SMITH	JANE SNOW
LOIS THACKER	MARGARET THOMAS	ELSIE ZAEGEL

SECOND SOPRANO

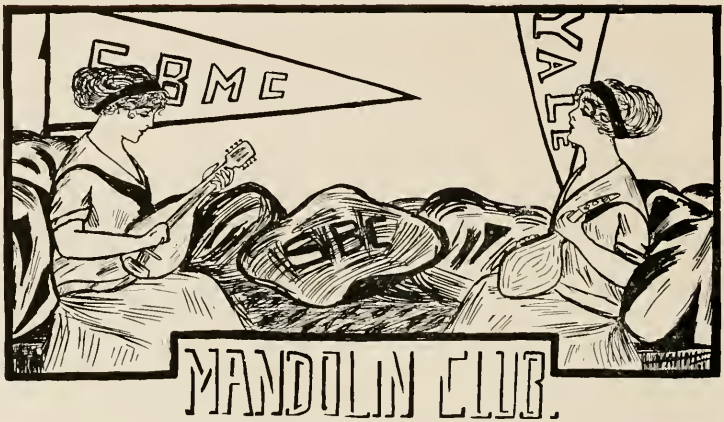
DOROTHY BANCROFT	SARA DENHAM	MARGARET DUVALL
MARIE MAHONE	KATHRYNE MATTINGLY	EDNA SHUNK
REBA STEPHENSON	ELSIE WALKUP	HELENA WEBSTER

ALTO

GRACE CALLAN	BESSIE CAROTHERS	KATHERINE COVEY
MARCELITE FARRIS	NORINE HARRISON	IONE HINDS
ESTHER KELLER	FRANCES MATSON	MARY PARKER
FRANCES RICHARDSON		LINDA WRIGHT



GLEE CLUB



REBA D. STEPHENSON *Leader*

ERNA DRIVER *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

JEANNE ALEXANDER

HARRIET BUCHANAN

JANE SNOW

ERNA DRIVER

EMMY THOMAS

REBA STEPHENSON

MARGARET ENGELHARD

D. DUNBAR AVIRETT

SARA DENHAM

MARY SPRINKLE

IDA ROSS

LINDA WRIGHT

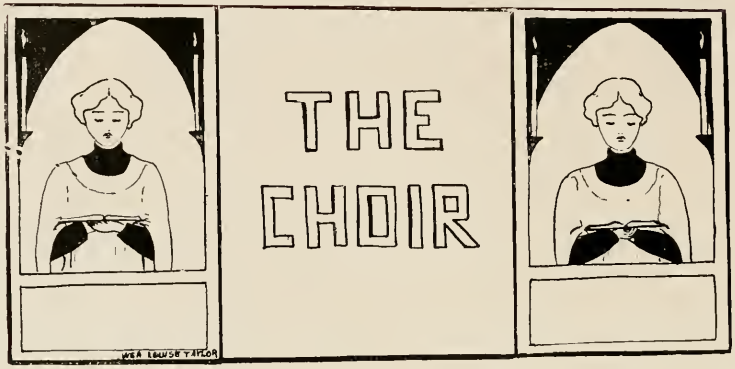
MARIAN YERKES

EM TURNER MERRITT

FRANCES RICHARDSON



MANDOLIN CLUB



OFFICERS

Miss Caroline H. Crawford *Director*
Reba D. Stephenson *Secretary*
Helen V. Hibberd *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Dorothy Bancroft
Grace Callan
Bessie Carothers
Esther Cornwall
Elizabeth Craven
Nellie Davidson
Margaret Duvall
Mildred Ely
Clare Erck
Mary Ervin
Esther Keller
Lucile Marshall
Jane Snow
Emmy Thomas
Lois Thacker

Eugenia Buffington
Caroline Caperton
Margaret Cobb
Margaret Dalton
Sara Denham
Faye Elliott
Kathryne Mattingly
Bessie Grammer
Helen Hibberd
Marie Mahone
Reba Stephenson
Margaret Thomas
Linda Wright



PUBLICATIONS.

Briar-Patch

JENNIE HURT Editor-in-Chief
ESTHER KELLER Business Manager
JOSEPHINE W. MURRAY Assistant Business Manager
EMMA WILSON MORRISS Art Editor
ALMA W. BOOTH Literary Editor
MARY V. PARKER Literary Editor

Sweet Briar Magazine

FRANCES NOYES MATSON Editor-in-Chief
EMMA WILSON MORRISS Exchange Editor
ELSIE L. ZAEGEL Business Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARY PINKERTON — MARGARETHA RIBBLE
LUCILE MARSHALL — REBECCA WHITE
EUGENIA BUFFINGTON


MATSON
RIBBLE
WHITE
MORRISS
PINKERTON



DEBATING CLUB



OFFICERS

FRANCES NOYES MATSON *President*

HELEN LAMFROM *Vice President*

ESTHER CORNWALL *Secretary and Treasurer*

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Senior Class ESTHER KELLER

Junior Class ELSIE L. ZAEGEL

Sophomore Class MARY B. PINKERTON

Freshman Class KATHERINE WILSON



DEBATING CLUB



MAY DAY

May Day

May 2, 1910

In Honor of the Queen of May

May Queen Josephine Wadsworth Murray

FLOWER GIRLS

Esther Cornwall — Who gives the garland

Virginia Etheridge — Who gives the garland

MAIDS OF HONOR

Mary Clifton Tabb — Who gives the crown

Mary Tyler — Who gives the scepter

Louise M. Hooper

Margaret Duvall

Emma L. Clyde

Margaret L. Thomas

The Crowning of the Queen of May in the Boxwood Circle

The Masque of Flowers in the Sweet Briar Dell

Concert by Sweet Briar Glee Club and Orchestra

Masque of Flowers

MERCURY, my good lad, thou art ever filled with goodly news, come hither and soothe my godly mind with some tales of mortals' doings."

The evening repast of nectar and ambrosia was just over and all had departed from Jupiter's presence save Mercury, his faithful servant.

"Your Honor, I bring tidings of the crowning of a mortal maid as Queen of May."

"A queen, Mercury, did I hear thee speak of a *queen?*" eagerly inquired Jupiter, who, being enraptured with his own fair Juno, was looking for the opportunity to make her jealous.

"Aye, your majesty, she is one of the many mortal maidens seeking knowledge at the noble Sweet Briar College, of which I have so often told thee, and which is situated in the majestic mountains of a place in the Western Hemisphere known as Virginia. 'T is so worthy an Institution that thou hast endowed it with all the goodness thou canst bestow upon it, and its Instructors are so learned and wise that they do at times rival the Goddess of Wisdom. 'T is the custom, and a most picturesque one, to hold each year on the Eve of May a court in honor of the maiden, who hath, by her beauty, charm, and diligent study, won the admiration and love of all. Now, it so happens that the queen to be is of such extraordinary beauty and love, that these maidens have for days been preparing to do homage to her on the morrow. Concealed from their eyes, I have watched them erect a throne, all bedecked with draperies and flowers, at the end of a wonderful boxwood circle, around which many maidens, whose grace and beauty reign only second to that of their Queen, are to dance in singing pretty verses."

"Forsooth, Mercury, go thou in all haste to my God of Weather, tell him 't is the mighty Jupiter's decree that the weather calendar be set aside and that the Sun God take his accustomed westward journey with his most radiant of garbs and brilliant of chariots, to shine forth as never he did before. Why, thou hast so won me with thy eloquence about this maid, that I will bid thee go to Flora with word to bring forth on the morrow her rarest of

beauties in such exuberance that the earth shall be carpeted. When this thou hast accomplished, send hither Invieno, my God of Winter, and Primavera, my Goddess of Spring. Now be off as fast as e'er a bird can fly to do my bidding."

Soon, in all haste, Invieno and Primavera appeared, eager to learn of Jupiter's desires.

"Greetings, my good and faithful quarterwaiters, Invieno and Primavera! List ye here. Long have ye been contesting between yourselves as to which of you is the most beauteous. But as both of you have always performed all that I could desire of you, and both are in your turns the most goodly of sights, I have never seen fit to distinguish between you. Now, word has been brought to me of a Festival, the crowning of a Queen of May. This Queen has so won my favor that I desire to add for her pleasure a surprise, which ye are to carry out, and in so doing, I shall make her judge between your beauty and ability. So prepare ye for her a "Masque" to be given in the Dell at Sweet Briar, as soon as the court hath done its homage."

In consequence of Jupiter's generosity, the glorious May Day dawned upon a thing of beauty. Flora had fulfilled her commission by covering every nook and recess of the spacious rolling campus with flowers of every hue and kind. She had created on the banks of the brooklet a throne of growing flowers and ferns upon which the Queen and her ladies of court were to watch the Masque.

Jupiter himself descended from his lofty abode to gaze upon the resplendent sight.

When Apollo had been just two hours on his downward journey, the procession of white-clad maidens, each wearing a garland of flowers, preceded the Queen to the boxwood circle, now transformed by the hand of Flora. After the Queen, winsome and charming, had been proclaimed sovereign of the day, and the graceful maidens had twined the May Pole, a fair youth, garbed as a forester, appeared from no one knows where, and with a flourish of cap and stately bow, summoned her majesty to preside as judge over the Masque Winter and Spring were to give in the Dell. He then led the court into a fairyland.

As soon as the Queen and her court had seated themselves amid a great bower of flowers, in the cool, secluded spot beneath shady poplars, the birds, whose homes are in the lofty trees, burst into song, adding to the fairy-like scene the brilliant coloring of their plumage as they flitted from bough to bough. Then across the rustic bridge came Winter, clad in a coat of fur, and leaning on a heavy knotted staff. It was some time before he reached the front of

Nature's amphitheatre, there only to be seized with a fit of violent coughing, for he had chosen to take the guise of an old man, crippled and bent with age, in the hope of thus gaining the Queen's sympathy. Hardly had he composed himself, when Spring, as if impatient to show her charms, came wending her way down the slope, casting on every side delicate, tinted flowers which she held concealed in the folds of her airy robe. She was enveloped in the most delicate draperies of soft white and pale green, while upon her head was a wreath of the earliest pink wild flowers.

After joyously flitting about, as if to delight in every corner of this fairy nook, she noiselessly tripped up behind Winter and, tapping him lightly on the shoulder, greeted him in a mocking tone, at which Winter became much irritated. Jupiter, seeing that a quarrel was about to ensue on account of Primavera's untimely approach, sent Gallus, the Sun God's messenger, in all haste with a dispatch to them, censuring them for their unseemly conduct, and advising them to set about their work.

Primavera, egotistical, and confident of her success in winning the fair judge's favor, with a saucy, ironical toss of her head, danced away at the approach of Winter's gamesters, declaring that when the Queen had quickly tired of Winter's noisy song and dance, she, Spring, would return into this fragrant Dell with fresh and bright-hued flowers, and till then she would bid her farewell.

Winter then resumed his former joviality, for as a rule, he is a mirthsome old man, commissioned Bacchus and Kawasha, the God of Tobacco, on whom he had called for aid, to commence their games. And while they were bantering each other in song, he hobbled away across the bridge.

When the singers and dancers had retired to rejoin their master, Spring reappeared from her fairy recess, in company with twelve Garden Gods, and dancing up to the Queen, announced that she would, with their aid, perform a miracle, and present a dance of the flowers. The miracle was accomplished therewith, and immediately in tripped a throng of Spring Flowers, as fair youths, who seemed in their graceful dancing to be scarcely touching the ground from which they had so lately sprung. Then softly and lightly, as if blown by the gentle breezes, they fluttered away, and Spring, swaying and gliding up to the throne, in rhythm to the voice of bird and sound of wind in the trees, placed a garland of flowers, woven by Flora's own hands, at the feet of the Queen, then vanished up the slope and was lost in the green background, leaving the Queen and her court in as much perplexity as Jupiter had always been, but in their hearts glad to welcome the reign of Spring and her flowers.

K. L. A. S. Quinby.



How Brer Rabbit Won the Prize

[*With Apologies to Joel Chandler Harris*]

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy one day, as Saint Valentine drew near, "won't you tell me about the time when Brer Rabbit tried to get Miss Nancy Cotton-Tail?"

"To tell you de truf, honey, I dunno ez I 'member," the old man said, as he dropped his heavy eyelids pretending to be asleep, but not shutting them close enough not to see what was going on.

"Wal, honey, ever since I been pirootin' roun' in dese low groun's, it's been de talk o' dem what know'd, dat Brer Rabbit wuz a lively man at a frolic. Dey couldn't be a dance er a quiltin' er nothin', nowhars aroun', but what dar he'd be; he wuz most generally fust ter come, and last ter go.

"You 'member 'bout Miss Meadows and de gals? Wal, one day she sent invitachuns, writ on leaves, invitin' all de folks, ol' an' young, to a 'swing-your-partner' dance at de big house on de old plantaschun, and she tell each one fur ter bring a valentime, and dat de prettiest valentime got de prettiest gurl. Wal, toby sho, Brer Rabbit knowed de prettiest gurl, he did, and he knowed her to be Miss Nancy, so he sot hisself to fin' a valentime, sech as wuz nivir seen in dem parts. 'Twuz jest 'bout de time dat Brer Fox had kinder made up his min' dat he want Miss Nancy. So he got ter work, an' he

say ter hisse'f dat if Brer Rabbit doan leave him 'lone dat he goner ketchim in a corner whar he can't git out. Wal, dey both put out, dey did, and Brer Rabbit, jes ez always, got ter fiddlin' roun', playin' tricks on all his neighbors, so when de ebenin' er de fourteenth come he 'member dat he ain't foun' no valentime yit. Wal, he run dis way, an' he run dat, den he sot hisse'f down fer a spell, and den he stood. He tap hisse'f on de hed, he did, an' shot his eyeballs, an' do like he studyin'—sayin' ter hisse'f dat 'twuz a heap mo under his hat den on de top.



"Bimeby, as night come 'long, Brer Rabbit, he beat it home, he did, to git dressed fur de party up at Miss Meadows. He slicked an' he slucked, an' he rig hisse'f out in his Sunday best, er lookin' kerscrumpshus ter dem what like dat kinder doin's, and en a stickin' his hand'chief in his pocket a-sprinkled wid sumffin from a pepper-box. He tooks his foot in his hand, an' start up de road wid a clippity-lippity-clippity-clippity-clip, a-makin' fer Miss Meadows. But ez soon ez he wuz, Brer Fox wuz dar befo' him. It seem like he wuz so much in de habit er bein' outdun by Brer Rabbit dat he can't do widout it. Brer Rabbit bow, he did, an' pass de time er de night wid him, an' ax how his fambly wuz. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit he slip on by Brer Fox, he did, a-goin' to de place whar de valentimes wuz to be stritched out. Dar wuz dat big red heart—made from de inside o' de beat, dat Brer Fox had worked so hard fer to make—an' dat wuz de prettiest one dar. Brer Rabbit he shuk his head, he did, an' make up his min' right den and dar dat Brer Fox would sho' have to go way from dere dat night, 'case he won't goin' ter be a nippy-nappin' an' let Brer Fox go swing his partner wid Miss Nancy.



"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit he tip-toe up to Brer Fox, he did, an' say, bein' as dey sech good friends—neighbors, ez yer might say—he doan min' tellin' him dat jes now when he pass by de passure, he seen Brer Bar, he did, a-tearin' up all his things, 'case he wuz mad 'case Brer Fox he dun went to de

party—an' Brer Rabbit sez, sezee, dat he'll go help him, if he come quick, an' den dey'll git back to de givin' ob de prize. So den dey put off down de road, Brer Fox a trottin' and Brer Rabbit gwin' in a canter.



"Now, honey, I doan wancher to fergit ez I done tole you dat Brer Rabbit had done fixed a pool, civered over wid leaves, so's not ter be seen, whar he wuz a-goin' to let Brer Fox fall in. You say I ain't tole you—sho I has, an' doan you be a nippy-nappin' any more'n Brer Rabbit!

"Wal, ez I wuz er sayin', Brer Rabbit an' Brer Fox went down de road jes' a-goin', dey did, an' when dey got ter de bottom sumpin' n'er happen, an' how it come ter happen Brer Fox niver can tell. He ain' niver know wheder he fall in, er slip in, er if he wuz pushed in, but dar he wuz, in—an' he cum mighty nigh not gittin' out—but he scramble, an' he scuffle till he clumb out. He sneeze an' he snooze, an' he wheeze an' he whoze, till he look like he'd drown right whar he was a-standin'.

"Wal, honey, 'twuz jes' about ez much ez Brer Rabbit kin do fer ter keep fum laughin', but he look mighty sollumcolly, an' he sez, sezee, dat he's terrible sorry case it wuz so, an' all the time er sayin' fer Brer Fox ter hurry home ter sit in front er de fire to dry. Wal, Brer Fox wuz sho mad, 'case 'twon't goner be no prize nor nothin'. He doan say a word, but jes' shuck hisse'f once mo' an' put out fer home, wid Brer Rabit a-lopin' back to Miss Meadows jes' a-laughin'.



"He'd a'mos' gone too fer, an' stayed too late, 'case when he git back dey wuz a-holin' up a big red heart, sayin' dat de owner er dat would please step forward an' claim his gurl. So Brer Rabbit, he step out, he did, wid his head in de air, a-holin' out his han's to de lady, an' a-smolin' a smile; den away dey danced wid all de folks a-lookin' on, jealous-like, but atter dat dey don't say much, 'case 'twan't much fer to say."

LUCILLE SCHOOLFIELD.



CLASS DAY

Twilight in the Jungle

IT was the hour of twilight, and the Jungle was hushed and quiet. The twitterings of the little birds had stopped abruptly. The various families of monkeys had enjoyed a last glorious race from tree-top to tree-top, and were now settled down for the night, swinging comfortably by their tails. Even old Boroo, the huge elephant, had made his last round of the Jungle, and satisfied that no enemy would intrude during the night, had gone to sleep in his bed of rushes by the river's edge.

Inside the warm, cozy cave where the Tigers lived, the lady of the house was preparing her youngest child for bed; while Tommy and Susy, the twins, did their lessons for the next day, and her lord and master, Sir Thomas Topaz Tiger, reposed in ease on an upholstered rock, and glanced over the headlines of *The Jungle Daily*.

"Come, children," said Lady Tiger, when at last her youngest had been tucked into bed, "come, Susy and Tommy, put down your books, my dears. It's high time for you to be asleep, like all good little cubs."

"Oh, mother!" implored little Susy Tiger, with a beseeching look, "mayn't we stay up a little longer?"

"And won't you tell us a story, mother?" added little Tommy Tiger, "a real exciting one, mother—all about you and Dad."

"Really, darlings, it's much too late," objected Lady Tiger, who, though the fondest of parents, believed in keeping her children healthy; "some other time, perhaps."

"Oh, no, tell us one to-night!" begged the twins, in unison—"*do*, mother!"

"Yes, my dear, by all means, let us hear another of your inimitable stories," said Sir Thomas, putting down his paper with an indulgent smile; "it's as great a treat for me as for the children."

"O Thomas," murmured Lady Tiger, purring with pleasure as she smiled fondly into his handsome countenance, "you flatter me, love! Well, children, what shall it be about?"

"Fighting!" shouted the twins in a delighted chorus, "man-fights!"

"Hush, my pets, or you'll wake baby," cautioned their mother. "Well, darlings, did I ever tell you how I once killed a man, single handed?"

"O mother! You? A real man?" cried Tommy and Susy in open-eyed amazement.

"Yes, a real man, as your father very well knows," answered Lady Tiger, casting a loving glance in his direction. "You see, it was this way—"

Here Susy and Tommy settled themselves comfortably on the carpet of dried leaves, having carefully wrapped their tails about them, as they had been taught from their etiquette books, and prepared to listen attentively.

"It was in the dead of winter, and hunting was scarce for every one in the Jungle," began Lady Tiger. "Your father spent his days in courageous raiding, but even with all his vast skill and indomitable bravery, we often went to bed supperless."

"O mother! How terrible!" came from little Susy, whose beautiful eyes were filled with sympathetic tears.

"It was indeed a dreadful plight, my darlings," continued Lady Tiger, in moved tones, "but your dear papa and I rejoiced that we had each other to console and sympathize with."

"Indeed, yes," added Sir Thomas, heartily.

"The winter drew on, and our supplies were increasingly difficult to obtain. Often as we sat before the evening fire, both of us heartsick and weary, and your poor father so thin that he was nothing but skin and bone, we would dream of the meal we should like to have had—we could almost see the roasted hares and stuffed ducks—and, best of all, a plump, nice, tender man. But, ah, those were only dreams, my darlings, and we would creep off to bed, trying to forget our hunger in cheerless sleep."

Here Lady Tiger paused to touch her eyes with her handkerchief, on which were her initials, daintily embroidered, and the whole surrounded by a crown, for the Tigers were of royal blood. "Ah, those days were indeed dreadful, my children, and your dear papa and I suffered more than we could ever tell! But hush your crying, Susy darling; and Tommy, my precious one, mother is safe enough now—let me wipe your eyes, pet, while I go on with my story:

"One morning your father set out unusually early to make a last desperate effort. It was a raw, windy, misty day, and I feared for your dear papa's rheumatism, but he was determined to go! The hours dragged on, and he did not return, and you can imagine the agonies of apprehension which I endured. Finally, about noon, he came back, limping painfully. At once I realized that his rheumatism had again set in, but I could see by the light in his face that he

had been slightly encouraged by something. I remember his very words, as he entered the cave. 'Amberola,' he said, 'we have a new hope, my dear. A party of humans are camping in the clearing above the river, and I trust I may return with one to-night.' "

Here Lady Tiger gazed with devoted eyes at her husband. "Ah, children," she said, in ringing tones, "may you never be less courageous than your dear papa! Crippled though he was with his rheumatism, and weakened from hunger and exhaustion, he yet resolved to undertake a perilous journey that very hour."

"My darling," remonstrated Sir Thomas, "you lay too much emphasis on that simple deed of mine. You were the real hero, and I did very little," he concluded modestly. "Go on and tell the children about it, my dear."

"Well," resumed Lady Tiger, "your father set out once more, after a few minutes' rest in the cave. I begged to accompany him, but on that one point he was obdurate. 'No, indeed, Amberola,' he said firmly, 'I cannot let you expose yourself so to unknown dangers. Wait here for me, and ere nightfall I hope I shall bring back to you some tender morsel.' With that, and after bidding me an affectionate farewell, he set out, and I watched him go, my eyes blinded by tears. Alas, I feared he might never return!"

"But he did, didn't he, mother?" asked little Susy, round eyed.

"Of course, silly," promptly replied Tommy, "or else he wouldn't be here now."

"I'm *not* a silly," responded Susy tearfully, and I regret to state that she pulled his tail.

"Children! children!" said Lady Tiger, while Sir Thomas growled disapprovingly at the twain. "There, you mustn't quarrel any more, darlings, but listen to mama. As I was saying, your papa left me, and I spent a most *harrowing* afternoon, waiting for his return. I pictured your dear parent in all sorts of distress, and finally, as night drew on, I made up my mind to go. To be sure, I had firmly intended to accede to your dear papa's request, but at the thought of his possible dangers, I used my woman's prerogative, and changed my mind." And here Lady Tiger cast a roguishly playful glance at her lord.

A smile played over Sir Thomas's good-natured countenance as he remarked, "Oh, you women! You women! How true was the old poet who said, '*Femina semper varium et mutabile est.*' "

"There, Tommy," observed Lady Tiger, "see how nicely your dear papa can quote from the classics! Can you do the same from your Latin? I fear you do not study it enough, my pet."

Tommy promptly blushed so hard that he was a deep scarlet color between

his black stripes, and he mentally registered a vow to study harder in the future.

"It was the hour before sundown," said Lady Tiger, "and I ran hurriedly through the Jungle, seeking to reach the clearing before dark. After stumbling along through the thick undergrowth for several miles, I at last came to the river. Following this for a mile or so, at length I perceived the clearing to be close at hand—only a few rods away. And your dear papa? Where, oh, *where* was he?"

Lady Tiger paused impressively and looked at her hearers. "The agonies of that moment I shall remember on my dying day!" she announced, firmly. "My head was in a whirl, but I managed to remember a few of the first hunting rules, and I crept stealthily forward to the clearing.

"The sight that met my eyes was truly curious. A cluster of tents had been placed at the far end of the clearing, and before these stood an animated group of humans, all talking at once.

" 'Yes, by Jove,' one of them was saying, 'it's a perfect specimen—the best skin I ever saw.'

" 'Make a stunning rug,' added another, and a third remarked that the stripes were unusually well defined. The suggestion that these words brought to me was enough to make my fur stand on end. I feared the worst, and yet I could not believe they were talking of my husband—of your dear papa!

" 'This hunting trip of ours will bring all sorts of honors to dear old Princeton,' went on a fourth human. 'Well, fellows, let's go down to the river and see if those rascally natives have baited the rhinoceros trap all right. Come along!'

" 'I'll stay here and keep up the fire,' said the first one who had spoken, as he lit a curious little white stick called a cigarette. 'Beat it, fellows—and bait it.'

"Laughing at this, which I privately thought a very poor joke, the other men strolled through the clearing, down towards the river, singing something or other about 'dear old Princeton.' When their voices had died away in the distance, I felt that the time had come for action."

"O mother!" breathed little Susy. "Think of it—a real, live, awful man! Weren't you scared?"

"Of course she was scared!" said Tommy, scornfully. "It ain't no cinch to kill a man, believe me!"

"Indeed it is not," said Lady Tiger; "in fact, it always has been a difficult performance, my darlings, for humans have all sorts of spears and guns with which to defend themselves. There is a family tradition, for that matter, that one of your oldest ancestors brought home a human who was entirely encased

in metal—head and all. I believe he was called a knight, or a crusader, or something of that sort, but at any rate, they had a fearful time cracking his shell. In the end, however, the inside was found to be *delicious!*

"I saw that everything depended on me, and I instinctively thought of the shield of the noble house of Tiger. You both know it well, children—a tiger, rampant, bearing in his paws a human creature, with this motto beneath: '*Hominem qui meruit, ferat.*' The exalted feeling of bravery and superiority, which always comes after seeing that shield, swept over me in a rush, and I felt inspired. Silently I crept along. But oh, my darlings, how can I even describe the sight that met these horrified eyes! How can I even tell the terror and dread sorrow that enveloped my breaking heart! For there, lying under a bush, bound with huge, cruel ropes, and seemingly doomed forever, lay—"

Here poor Lady Tiger choked and strove for utterance. "O my children, my children—" she sobbed, "it was your dear papa!"

Instantaneously, Tommy and Susy burst into frightened sobs, and even the redoubtable old Sir Thomas himself was not ashamed to wipe a tear away from his manly eye. For some moments Lady Tiger and her children wept uncontrollably, but a few comforting words from Sir Thomas at last quieted their emotions. Wiping her beautiful amber eyes on her handkerchief, she continued in a trembling voice:

"Darlings, you may indeed know that I was in a desperate situation. Alone, unprotected, with a foe before me, and worst of all, the partner of my joys and afflictions lying helpless on the ground—ah, my pets, your mama hopes *you* may never be in such a dread position! The sight of your dear papa aroused all my feelings, and I emitted one low, heart-broken moan." Lady Tiger paused, controlled her feelings with a mighty effort, and went on:

"Then I glanced up. The man was busying himself with fastening a sort of banner, with orange and black letters thereon, to a pole in front of his tent. When it was securely nailed on, he took off his hat, removed his cigarette, and, bowing low, he shouted:

" 'Princeton! Princeton!
Rah, Rah, Rah!
Tiger! Tiger!'

"As I lay there, behind a clump of bamboo, for a moment I half rose up, in surprise—and the next instant my blood ran cold; for, darlings, I realized then that he had discovered my hiding place, and this was his challenge to fight."

"Oh! Mother!" said Tommy, while little Susy's paws clasped each other. In an agony of suspense they awaited the outcome.

"Terrified beyond measure, yet not daring to be cowardly, I was determined that the creature should not lack for a worthy opponent, and with a loudly beating heart, I gathered myself for a spring."

"And, children," interposed Sir Thomas at this point, "it was no slight spring she was preparing for. Think what your mother's bravery meant, Tommy and Susy! Ah, my dear," and he fondly turned to his wife, "you were born to be a suffragette."

"Thomas! Thomas!" cried Lady Tiger in agonized tones, "O Thomas, not that! Never that, my husband!"

"Hush, my love," said Sir Thomas, hastily, "I meant that your wonderful courage and bravery would mean worlds to a suffragette, or, indeed, an Amazon. Amberola, my darling, calm yourself! There, there! Let us go on with the story."

"Well," continued his wife, somewhat appeased by this explanation, "I measured the distance between us, and prepared for the desperate leap, full well realizing that one spring does not always mean a swallow. But my faithful training in the gymnasium had not been in vain. With a swift bound, I hurled myself through the air, and a second later had landed on the man!"

Here Sir Thomas's eyes shot out sparks of fire, and he growled under his breath, while his long and beautiful tail slowly lashed the floor. Ah, if he could have but been there!

"Mother, mother, go on!" cried the twins, in a fever of excitement.

"I landed on the man," said Lady Tiger, "and the struggle which ensued was short and terrific. The creature fought desperately, twisting and kicking with all his might, but the thought of your dear papa gave me added courage. With the fury of a madman I plunged toward him—he gave one last cry—and then the warm blood trickled over my face, and—he was still."

There was a hushed silence in the cave. The three listeners gazed with devoted admiration at Lady Tiger, whose voice had sunk to a dramatic whisper. Unbounded pride welled up in their loyal hearts at the thought of what this slender, beautiful, amber-eyed wife and mother had achieved. Sir Thomas leaned forward, and taking his wife's paw, gallantly kissed it. "My brave, beautiful Amberola!" he said.

Tears of appreciation came into Lady Tiger's eyes. "The rest is easily told, my darlings," she said. "I hastened over to where your dear papa was lying and gnawed loose the ropes which bound him, and the joyous greeting that followed was enough reward for all our sorrows. Then I lifted the man

and, your father leading the way, we crept through the Jungle, back to our own dear home. It was a difficult journey, for your papa had his rheumatism and I had the man, but we finally arrived. With joyful hearts we prepared for our first square meal in many moons, and when we sat down to the table, our gratitude and pleasure knew no bounds. Oh, Thomas, will you *ever* forget that night?"

"Never, darling, never," said Sir Thomas, fondly. Lady Tiger smiled back into his eyes. Then she arose.

"Come, babies; time for bed."

"O mother!" chorused the twins, as they got up. "It was such a *beautiful* story! Thank you for telling it to us, mother dear."

"You are welcome, my pets," said Lady Tiger, and she kissed them a loving good-night. When the two little figures had disappeared, she turned to her husband:

"Oh, those were stirring times, Thomas!" she said.

"And you tell them in a stirring way, my love," replied Sir Thomas. "I'll put out the candles, darling, while you wind the clock."

One by one the lights were extinguished, and only the silver radiance of the moon illumined the Tigers' cave. Twilight was long since over, and the Jungle was asleep.

MARYE SUTHERLAND.



Ballad of October

Through glittering forest ways like these,
The knights came riding between the trees,
Their bright plumes flashing along the breeze.
The wind is high on the hill to-day.

The fallen leaves on the forest floor
Rustle as silk that their ladies wore;
Glow like the jewels their ladies bore.
The wind is blowing the leaves away.

A purple veil on the valley's fire
Shrouded the goal of their keen desire,
Mystery hiding the battle's mire.
The wind is high on the hill to-day.

Their steeds were black on a sunset sky,
They rode down the wind as the dead leaves fly,
And here in the forest walk you and I.
The wind is blowing the leaves away.

L'ENVOI

Love, shall we sigh for their passing? Nay;
They held in gage for a golden day,
Life and a lady, what more ask they?
The wind is high on the hill to-day.

M. PINKERTON, '13.

The Way of Woman

SHO'LY, honey, sho'ly, I done been hyar evah sence befo' de war. No'm, you hyar tell how things is different an' sich, but I've lived the three generashuns an' I ain't see'd sich 'n ermount uv difference. All de young men still cote jes' lak dey use ter an' all de gals, purty er not, dresses up an' fixes de hair an' puts on de airs jes' lak dey allus hev. I ain't seed no great change."

I was seated in the pleasant living room of an old-time Southern mansion; my hostess being very busy with numerous household tasks at this hour of the morning, I had thought it a propitious time to "write up" some of my experiences on this Virginia plantation. But "Manda," the blackest and most tyrannical of old "Southern mammies," had come in to "dus' up" and, as usual, was in a talkative mood. So I left my place at the writing table and sank into a comfortable lounging chair. The muslin curtains swayed gently in the summer breeze and the quiet of a summer day reigned over all. Seated there in the cool depths of the old chair, I fell to thinking of the many changes that, after all, had been wrought here in this pleasant land of sunshine and flowers.

I looked up to find 'Manda still wiping the piano legs assiduously, but a reminiscent smile hovered around her lips and she emitted a delighted and soul-satisfying chuckle at the end of every two seconds.

"But, Mammy," I said, "surely you don't mean what you have just said, there have been loads of changes here. For instance, you are free now and have been for many years. Isn't that a change?"

"No ma'am, hit ain't; I ain't eny mo' free dan I wuz befo' de war, kaze I'm still got a mistis, an' dey ain't been so a'mighty many changes, tek my wud fer hit, wen the young people ack jes' perzackly lak dey alwus hev."

I laughed at this logic and reminded the old darkey that there were other things in the world besides youth and love-making, but this made her indignant.

"You-all's purty young yit," she said scornfully. "Wen you gits ez ol' ez I be you'll see ez how purty much eve'ything in dis ol' worl' hinges on ter love-makin'. I ain't lived all my life fer nuffin, to be sho' I ain't. Look hyar at my mistis, I b'long ter her mammy 'fo' she wuz evah bo'n or thinkin' 'bout

bein' bo'n. I seed all uv her mammy's cotin' days an' I seed all uv hern, an' now if dar ain't her darter ackin' up de same way. Shoo, you can't tell me nuffin. Dar dey is, three gals, gran'mammy, mammy, an' darter, an ain't dey eve'y las' one on um perzackly erlak? You may change de way uv feedin' an' rockin' er baby, but wen hit grows up, you can't tell no a'mighty diffunce in de ways dey wuz raised. Huh! hit sho' do tickle me de way dey don' suspicion ertall dat hit's all been done befo' um."

"Now dar wuz ma firs' mistis, she lived right hyar in dis ve'y house, an' she ain't never been 'lowed to lif' her leetle finger. Den dar cum erlong dat No'thern solded, he done got hurt by er cannon ball right in dis yer front yard, so 'twant nuffin fer dem to do but tek him in an' nuss him twel he got well. Miss Betty done wint crazy ovah him fum de firs'. I ain't never been able ter unnerstan' it. Hyar she wuz alwus heving beaux an' sich, kaze she wuz jes' ez purty ez er picter, an' she never ca'in erbout er single one uv 'em twel de only man dat she hadn't orter lak cum erlong, an dar she wuz haid ovah heels in love."

'Manda looked out of the window as if vainly seeking for the incomprehensible vagaries of womankind.

"To be sho' honey," she went on, "Misteh Gerard wuz jus' all right 'cept in one respeck, and dat was dat he warn't a South'ner. Ol' Marse warn't gwinter stan' no No'thern son-in-law, and Mis' Betty knowed hit, but dat didn't he'p her none, kaze she jes' wint right on an' did de cotin'. Yas'um she did, too. You kin talk all you please 'bout wimmin bein' hol'-backy, but I ain't never seed it. No, ma'am! Uv cose, ma Mis' Betty bein' a Peyton, wan't gwineter dew nuffin unseemly, but 'twuz ernuff ter put on er pink print dress an' cum ersteppin' in dat long winder, er curls erflyin' an' 'er hands full uv roses. Den she'd sort uv look at 'im shy lak outer de corner uv 'er eyes an' begin to fool ovah de flowers, er puttin' um in firs' one jar an' den tother, an' dat po' boy 'ud jes' sorter breave hard an' tun white an' red by turns. Huh! I seed what wuz cummin' an' I'd hang erroun' an' dus' up an sich, but 'twarn't no use, kaz she'd say, 'You kin go, Mandy, I'll tek cyar uv Mister Gerard for er while.' An' uv cose dat ended me, I'd hev to leave um. He'd lay dar an' look at 'er, an' she'd read to 'im an' sing to 'im twel de po' boy nearly went crazy.

"Den one day I wuz out dar," waving her hand toward the vine-covered veranda, "an dey wuz in hyar. I hearn Miss Betty foolin' 'bout, feedin' him herself wid some candy she done made. She'd pick out er good piece an' mek him say som' po'try, den she'd put hit in his mouf. 'Twuz terrible silly, kaze he wuz mos' well an' cud sho'ly feed hisse'f. Atter while I stahted in,

but lawd! Mistah Gerard hed done grabbed her leetle han' an' wuz er holin' hit up erginst his face. Den he sorter fling it away fum him an' say, 'Oh, fergiv' me, fergiv' me!' Now, Mis' Betty cud hev er let it go at dat, ter ma notion uv thinkin', but no suh, she staht right in ter torment him. She look 'proachful lak at him an' say, 'I'll fergive you dis time, Gerard, but what wud dat gal in de No'th think?' Mistah Gerard look 'sprise lak an' 'low, 'What gal?' She say, 'De one you love,' an' blush an' drap her eyes. Mistah Gerard des hollered out, 'Dey ain't no gal but you, an' I didn' mean ter tell you, but I couldn't let you think der wuz enybody sides jes' you. It's you I love.'

"No'm, I ain't never seed why she done hit. She knowed what her pappy'd do, kaze she hed to leave and go No'th wid 'im. An' ole Marse wouldn't 'low none uv we all ter go wid 'um an' what's mo, we had to stay dumb 'bout her—an' she wurn't never 'lowed to cum back, her dat wuz de ve'y idol uv her ole pappy's heart an' uv all we-all's, too."

Mammy's voice caught a little and she wiped her old eyes on the corner of her spotless apron and then she went on in a more cheerful strain:

"Wal, ez I sayed, we-all didn' hear nuffin erbout Mis' Betty twel one day, eighteen year atter she had lef', I was er pickin' som' hawthorn down by de big gate, an' in walked er gal. She wuz des de spitten', breavin' image of ma leetle mistis. I knowed ez how 'twuz 'er darter an' I hedn't never knowed befo' dat she hed one. Seems ez how her pappy an' mammy hed died an' 'er gran'pappy bein' 'er onliest folks, she'd cum ter 'im. Wal, she looked so much lak her mammy, dat de ole gent'mun des tuk 'er in an' set 'er onter de same ped'stal her mammy hed set on befo' 'er.

"Wal, my secon' Mis' Betty didn' choose nobody her grandpappy didn' lak, but she done wuss. You see er gal dat's new lak an' all does gether young mens eroun' 'er lak bees eroun' a peach blossom tree, an' ma leetle gal warn't no exceptshun. All er de boys jes' flocked. Sometimes we'd hev ez many ez er dozen fer Sunday dinnah, an' she cud er picked an' choosed. But what did she do but pick out de ve'y pusson dat she orter lef' alone.

"Mistah Phil Gordon an' Miss Elise Cyarter hed been cotin' evah sence dey wuz reg'lar babies. Miss Elise wuz own thud cousin ter Miss Betty, an' dose two gals des tuk ter each other lak dey'd been raised tergether. Dey wuz allus spendin' days tergether and dey seemed ter be purty nigh miserable when dey foun' deyse'f apart. Miss Elise wuz a gay, happy young lady, allus carryin' on foolishness wid all de young men. An' dey wuz allus mighty glad when dey cud git 'er ter go ter a dance wid um, or horsebac', an' sech. But dey all knowed ez how she really b'longed ter Mistah Phil, kaze she des naterul-bo'n worshipped him.

"I ain't never seed how Miss Betty cud er been so blin'. I reckon she didn't know Miss Elise ez well ez she 'spicioned she did. Miss Betty wuz awful hot blooded an' all, but she ain't never say nuffin she didn' mean, an' bein' Virginia bo'n on 'er mammy's side warn't gwinter keep her fum hevin' her pappy's idees on flirtin' an sich. Dat is, conwickshuns 'bout other folks flirtin'. She didn' tek no count uv herself, no ma'm.

"How come hit all ter happen, I don' know. I speck Mistah Phil wuz des plum crazy 'bout Miss Betty fum de firs' minit he clap his eyes onter her. An' she des er 'ticin' an' er 'ticin' him. 'Twarn't right, not perzackly; but den Miss Betty really did think dat Miss Elise wuz des er foolin' wid Marse Phil lak she did wid de res'. Still, I tole Miss Betty dat dey wuz gwinter git married, but she des laugh at firs', den one day, atter Miss Elise hed cantered off wid Mistah Phil, bofe on um lookin' so gran' on horsebac', I say ez how dey sho did mek er purty couple, an' Miss Betty tole me never, never ter menshun um in de same bref ergin. I wuz plum sorrowful kaze I feared sumpin wud happen. And sho nuff hit did.

"'Bout two nights later Mistah Phil cum bac'. Der wuz er big crowd hyar, all der young folks mos' in de county. Dey all got ter dancin' atter supper, 'ceptin' Mistah Phil an' Miss Betty, dey slip out in de gyarden. I followed wid a leetle shawl fer Miss Betty, kaze 'er shoulders wuz bar', but 'fo' I cud mek myse'f knowed, I hearn 'er say, 'Phil, I wants to ax yo' advice 'bout sumpin'.' Marse Phil 'low, 'What's dat?' 'Wal,' sez Miss Betty, hesitatin' lak, 'you is des lak ma brother'—Marse Phil groaned 'des perzackly, an' yo' bes' fren' done ax me ter marry him. Now, I ain't sayin' I don' love him ertall, but I don' think I love him lak I cud love. Still, he's er fine man an' I respeck him. What wud you do?' Lawdy, I thought Marse Phil wuz sho'ly gwinter tar up de yearth. He say, 'You cum out hyar an' ax me whether ter marry er not when I loves you wid all my life? It's heartless an' cruel!' Den Miss Betty begun ter cry an' say, 'Oh, fergive me Phil, fergive me, but I thought you loved Elise.' Marse Phil groaned and 'low ez how he hed twel he see Miss Betty, and den he des couldn't he'p hisse'f. He say, 'Don' cry, leetle sweetheart, don!' And—wal, dar dey wuz, Miss Betty sobbin' in Marse Phil's arms, and dar I wuz stan'in' lak er ole fool behin' de box hedge, so tuk up wid what I wuz seein' dat I didn' know nobody else wuz eroun' twel I hearn er leetle catchy, sobby sound—an' dar wuz Miss Elise. Lawd knows how long she'd been dar, but she'd seen ernuff ter break her heart. Dar she stood fer er minit, ez white ez er sheet, den she turned an' ran toward de house. I followed her an' foun' her in de libray, all crumpled down in de darkes' corner.

"Wal, ma'm, she made me promis' never ter tell, an' purty soon she bruk her engagement to Marse Phil an 'peared des ez happy ez she allus wuz. An' Marse Phil—wal, wuds can't tell 'bout him an' Miss Betty, dey wuz des so happy de worl' cudn't hol' um. I hearn folks say ez how it wuz quare, an' ez how Miss Elise war turrible ficklesome, but I knowed. Huh! wimmin is funny, mighty funny. Dey 'pears des ez kind-hearted twel sudden-lak er man cums erlong an' den dey'll fight tooth an' toenail. 'Tain't often you see wimmen lak Miss Elise, when it cums ter givin' up de man dey loves. Sho, dey'll go ter de las' ditch."

The old negro's expressive face held a ruminating look. Then she rubbed her cloth once more over the shining surface of the piano. Then straightening up to gaze through the wide open window, she broke into a rollicking, mirth-producing laugh. I turned to see what had produced this sudden change in her and saw coming up the drive a boy and a girl; they were swinging tennis racquets and laughing and chattering with the pure joy of living and of being young.

"Dar cums de thud Miss Betty," said the irrepressible old servant, "an' ef she ain't er follerin' in de feet-steps uv her mammy an' her gran'mammy afore her, I'll give up my 'ligion. Listen dar now, honey, des listen."

The girl was standing on the steps now; her black curls were in a charming disarray and her flushed face, lifted to the earnest, manly one above, held a pleading expression. Then I heard her say, "You'll come over to-night, won't you, Cuthbert?" The boy hesitated a moment and then refused, saying he really ought to keep away one night. Betty tossed her head in an expressive little way she had and said, "Oh! very well, I really don't care, Cuthbert. I think myself you've been coming too often and besides, Carl *wanted* to come anyway—"

"Listen dar ter dat, would you! Now dat boy knows he's got ter git out in dis yer worl' an' wuk, an' he's got sense 'nuff ter know he'll git into trouble ef he keeps foolin' 'roun' hyar." Mammy nodded her turbaned head reproachfully toward her latest charge. "Listen ter dat dar chile er temptin' uv him," she said disgustedly.

"Nonsense, Mammy," I remonstrated, "she doesn't really want him to come; why, she has just said so."

But just at that moment I glanced toward the couple again and saw that the girl was leaning eagerly forward, her hand on the sunburned arm of the boy, and I could see the muscles quiver beneath that light touch. Then I heard her say in a caressing, soft little voice, "Of course, I'd rather have you come, Bert dear, but I guess Carl will be right nice."

"Oh, count on me," said the boy eagerly, his blue eyes very, very intense indeed.

"Look er dar now—wot did I tell you? Wimmin an' dere ways am purty much de same, an' when *dey* ain't changed none, men is 'bleeged ter stay de same, too. So 'tain't gwinter be no ole war, nor nuffin else dat'll change um. Ef you don' b'leeve dat, it's des 'cause you hain't never picked out yo' fellah yit. Des wait twel you does an' you'll fin' yo'se'f ackin' up des lak de res' on um." And giving her amused, indulgent chuckle once more, Mammy picked up her "dus' cloths" and waddled out of the room.

ELEANOR FURMAN.

Rye

All day long in the wind its gray-green waves are rounding
To silver in the red valley,
Till they sweep up the hillside to rally
Their tossing crests on the ridge in a sea without sounding.

But at evening their surges stand still, the wind roaming,
Grown gentle, whispering slowly
In the rye, murmurs a holy
Benediction before its footsteps pass in the gloaming.

– MARY PINKERTON, '12.



In Memoriam

Lanier Dunn

Drowned at North Hatley, Canada

September 23, 1910

L. D.

O sacred lake, in tender wise,
 Guard in her lonely sleeping
The lovely Lanier where she lies
 Sealed in your crystal keeping!

Your depths, how many a night of June,
 Let clustering stars discover,
Like some great mother-bird the moon
 Spread balanced wings above her.

Let summer mornings manifold,
 Melting to azure splendor,
Paint all your flood with rosy gold
 'Till mirrored heaven attend her.

* * * *

Still memory, penciling in light,
 Returns in dearest seeming.
The smile that curves the lips as might
 Some deep and happy dreaming.

Still blooms upon the cheek the rose,
 And still the shadowy lashes
Veil, in the thought of her repose,
 The sweet eyes' darkling flashes.

* * * *

What innocence that knows no scathe,
 When all your strength fell on her,
Ceased from the light, what fearless faith,
 What gentleness, what honor!

Her gallant spirit mute and hushed,
 Her gladness and caressing,
Left house and home full fallen and crushed,
 Robbed of such radiant blessing.

For treasure in those deeps you hid,
 Of light and love and laughter,
Of joy about the hearth forbid,
 Of music following after.

* * * *

Silent the voice that caroled clear,
 O'er wild and water ringing—
But still on morning winds we hear,
 Or think we hear its singing.

Though her dear body lie afar,
 Unknown of those who love her,
Yet oft beneath the evening star
 Her soul shall seem to hover.

With Love so strong, Death cannot throw
 Enduring bonds about her,
Though earth be desolate, we know
 Heaven is not Heaven without her!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

In Memoriam

Mary Allen

Died February 22, 1911

Mary Allen

Oh, little girl, gone, gone away—
A city's big heart throbs for you;
Your truant locks, windblown, astray!
The happy, dancing, laughing blue
Of your glad eyes! Life rolls along,
The sun goes down, the stars shine through
The dark—but woe is in life's song;
Life's skies will never be so blue.

Oh, little girl! Oh, happy heart!
The sunshine of a dream, come true!
Heads are bowed down and teardrops start—
There's not a heart but grieves for you!
In humble street, in crowded way,
They speak in lowered tones and sad,
And long and long for yesterday
When you were here and life was glad.

Things which were joys but yesterday
Are now as burdens grave to bear!
Your every tone, your every way—
The sunshine glinting on your hair—
Are only memories—are all
There is of joy, till dreams come true
And loved ones answer to your call,
A city's heart is sad for you.

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.



SEPTEMBER 20-21—Opening of College.

SEPTEMBER 21—Y. W. C. A. Reception to new students.

SEPTEMBER 23—First services in new assembly room.

SEPTEMBER 24—"The Rivals" given by Mr. Charles Underhill.

OCTOBER 10—Recital given by Miss Gilder and Mr. Kleunter.

OCTOBER 15—Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" presented by Dramatic Club.

OCTOBER 22—New members entertained by Merry Jesters.

OCTOBER 31—Hallowe'en entertainment given by new students.

NOVEMBER 1—Lecture, "Mohammed," by Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, of Danville, Virginia.

NOVEMBER 5—Billikens entertained new members.

NOVEMBER 12—"A Bachelor's Romance" presented by the Merry Jesters.

NOVEMBER 15-17—Championship basket ball games.

NOVEMBER 18—Founder's Day. Addresses by Mr. Cram and Professor Edward Mims.

Founder's Day Dance.

NOVEMBER 23-24—Thanksgiving holiday.

Fox hunt by Lynchburg Hunt Club.

Students entertained at Mount St. Angelo.

NOVEMBER 28—College students entertained by the Sub-Freshmen.

DECEMBER 2—Concert given by Madame Mary Hissem de Moss.

DECEMBER 10—"Return of Deborah" presented by the Merry Jesters, and "The Facts in the Case" presented by the Billikens.

DECEMBER 11—Christmas Festal Service and installation of the vested choir.

DECEMBER 15—Recital by music students.

DECEMBER 16 TO JANUARY 4—Christmas recess.

JANUARY 24-28—Mid-year examinations.

FEBRUARY 4—Sophomore Debate.

FEBRUARY 11—"A Russian Honeymoon," the first presentation by the Ripplers.

College students entertained by the Freshmen.

FEBRUARY 14—Lecture, "Overheard Among Strangers," by Dr. Snyder.

FEBRUARY 18—Choir entertained at Mount St. Angelo.

Freshman Debate.

FEBRUARY 20—Historical concert given by Miss Young and Miss Gardner.

FEBRUARY 25—Concert by the University of Virginia Glee Club.

FEBRUARY 27—Piano recital by Madame Yolanda Mero.

MARCH 4—Burlesque on *Ladies Home Journal* given by Y. W. C. A.

MARCH 6—Lecture recital, "Romance in Music," by Miss Young.

MARCH 25—Lecture, "The Larger Selfishness," by Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the University of Minnesota.

MARCH 27—Song recital by Mr. Horatio Connell.

APRIL 1—College students entertained by the Sophomores.

APRIL 3—Field Day.

Lecture recital by Mr. John Herbert Davis.

APRIL 10—Sophomore-Freshman Debate.

APRIL 14-24—Easter Recess.

MAY 1—May Day.

Crowning of May Queen.

"Romance of the Rose" presented in the Sweet Briar Dell.

May Day Dance.

MAY 10-15—Tennis Tournament.

MAY 20—Song recital given by Miss Thacker.

MAY 30 TO JUNE 3—Final examinations.

JUNE 3-7—Commencement Exercises.

Saturday, June 3d, 8:00 p. m.

Recital by Students of the Music Department.

Sunday, June 4th, Baccalaureate Sunday, 11:00 a. m.

Sermon by Rev. Wallace Palmer, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Lynchburg.

Monday, June 5th, 8:00 p. m.

Presentation of "Twelfth Night," in the Sweet Briar Dell.

Tuesday, June 6th, 4:00 p. m.

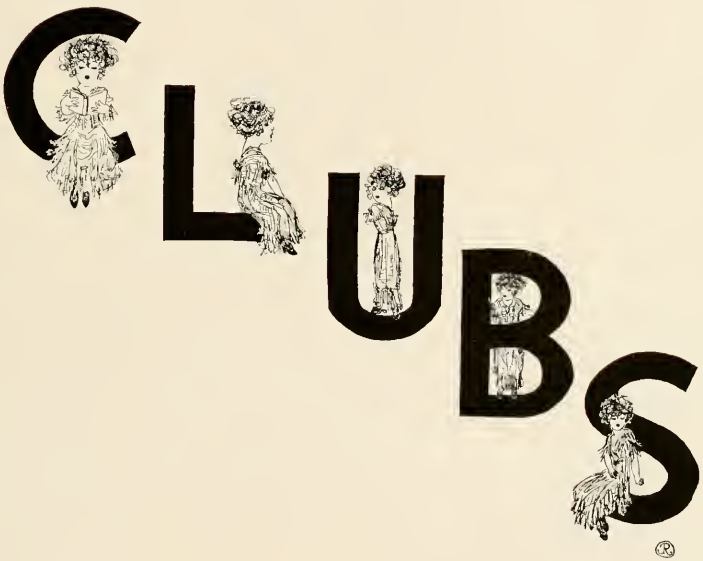
Class Day Exercises.

Wednesday, June 7th, Second Annual Commencement, 10:30 a. m.

Address by Dr. Samuel McCord Crothers, of Boston.

Presentation of Diplomas by Mr. N. C. Manson, Jr., Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors.




CLUBS



ALABAMA

COLORS

Crimson and White

FLOWER

Goldenrod

MOTTO

To love one another we do our best,
So where'er we meet, we feast and jest.

OFFICERS

SUE HARDIE *President*
MAYO THACH *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

VIRGINIA ABBOTT Birmingham, Alabama
CORA E. GREGG Birmingham, Alabama
SUE HARDIE Birmingham, Alabama
WILLIE BENHAM REEDER Florence, Alabama
IDA POLK ROSS Mobile, Alabama
MAYO THACH Birmingham, Alabama
EULA WEAKLEY Birmingham, Alabama



THE CAROLINAS

COLORS

Black and Blue

SONG

"Carolina"

POEM

The Palmetto and the Pine

"They plant them together—our gallant sires of old—
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with solar gold.
Let 'faith, fraternity, and love' ever joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine."

MOTTO

Time to take another drink (honi soit qui mal y pense)

MARGARET L. DALTON *President*

MEMBERS

LOULIE MERIWETHER WILSON	Rock Hill, South Carolina
SARA CALHOUN SIMONS	Charleston, South Carolina
DOROTHY WALLACE	Charleston, South Carolina
ELEANOR PARDEN FURMAN	Greenville, South Carolina
CAMMIE CROOM RODMAN	Charlotte, North Carolina
LUCY LANDON MINOR	Asheville, North Carolina
EVA HARKER HORNER	Asheville, North Carolina
CORINNE HAMPTON	Columbia, South Carolina
MARGARET L. DALTON	Winston-Salem, North Carolina

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CONNIE M. GUION	Charlotte, North Carolina
MISS AILEEN WARD	Darlington, South Carolina
MISS PAULINE GILDER	Newberry, South Carolina
MR. LEONIDAS CRAWFORD	Greensboro, North Carolina
REV. W. E. ROLLINS	Asheville, North Carolina



FLORIDA

COLORS	*FLOWER*
Green and White	Magnolia

META BRYAN *Sachem*
Osceola

JULIA BEVILLE *Medicine Man*
Chattahoochee

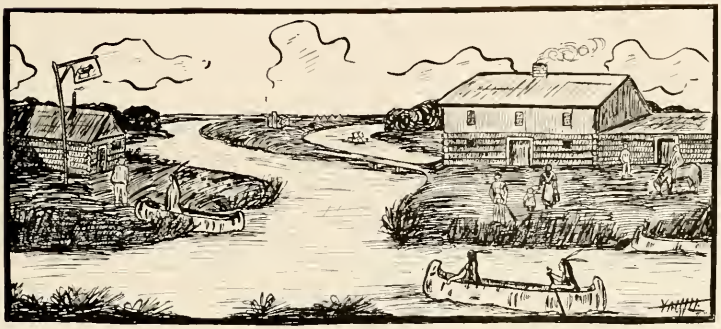
ELIZABETH MERRITT *Scribe*
Watauga

BRAVES

EM TURNER MERRITT Pensacola, Florida
SARA DENHAM Geronimo, Florida
OLGA SABEL Palatka, Florida
MOLLIE BLOUNT Apalachicola, Florida
ABBIE MUNROE Tallahassee, Florida
LETA CAMP Ocala, Florida

SONG

A tribe of Seminole braves are we,
Our Medicine Man, bold Chattahoochee,
Led by the Sachem, great Osceola,
His braves, Watauga and Pensacola—
All these and the following in war paint we see—
Geronimo, Ocala and Tallahassee—
The remaining two in order are
Apalachicola and Palatka.
Through all the land great deeds we do
To the beat of the tom-tom, and
With war paint, too.



ILLINOIS.

COLORS
Black and Gold

FLOWER
Thistle

MOTTO

Happy have we met,
Happy have we been,
Happy let us part,
Happy meet again.

SONG

"By the rivers gently flowing
Illinois!
Illinois!"

EUGENIA M. BUFFINGTON *President*

MEMBERS

THEODOSIA CLARK Evanston, Illinois
KATHERINE COVEY Bloomington, Illinois
ALMA EISENDRATH Chicago, Illinois
MARGARET ENGELHARD Evanston, Illinois
CATHERINE HALL Evanston, Illinois
HELEN MONASH Chicago, Illinois
MARION PHILLIPS Evanston, Illinois



KENTUCKY

COLORS
Cardinal and Black

POEM
We are Seven

MOTTO
The lesson of Molasses Candy

YELL

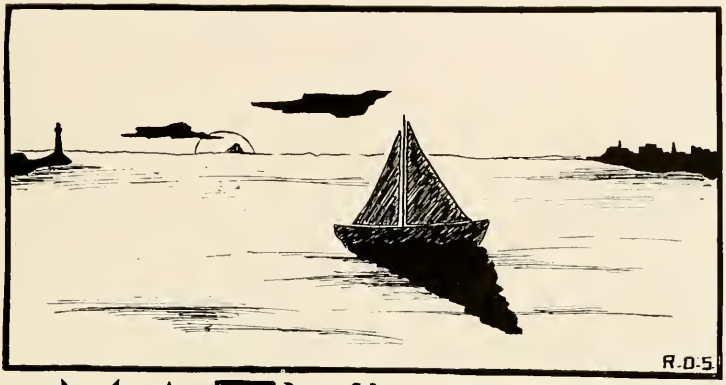
Get together—
Stick together—
Pull together.

OFFICERS

REBEKAH PATTON *President*
BESSIE CAROTHERS *Vice President*
ELIZABETH FRANKE *Secretary*
SARAH COOPER *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

REBEKAH PATTON Catlettsburg, Kentucky
MARY ELLIS WALKER Louisville, Kentucky
BESSIE CAROTHERS Louisville, Kentucky
ELIZABETH FRANKE Louisville, Kentucky
FRANCES SUMMERS Hopkinsville, Kentucky
SARAH COOPER Hopkinsville, Kentucky
MATTIE WELCH LOGAN Nicholasville, Kentucky



MARYLAND.

COLORS

Orange and Black

SONG

"Maryland, My Maryland"

MOTTO

Although "Hel" is in our midst, we're not all Devils!

FAVORITE FOOD

Maryland Biscuit

OFFICERS

MARY TYLER *President*

SERENA MOTTER "Syringe"

MARGARET DUVALL "Baltimore"

HELENA WEBSTER "Hel"

MARGARET STALEY "Suffragette"

(Because she votes for Parker)

KATHRYNE MATTINGLY "Victory"

(From Laurel did you say?)

MARY TYLER "Long Jim" or "Longing for Jim"



COLORS

Black and Yellow

FLOWER

Goldenrod

MOTTO

Show me

MEMBERS

KATHERINE WILSON Lexington, Missouri

IONE HINDS Kansas City, Missouri

MARGARET HADDOCK Kansas City, Missouri

FRANCES MARTIN Kansas City, Missouri



NEW YORK

COLORS
Delft Blue and Buff

MOTTO
Step Lively

MEETING PLACE
Thirteen hours from Broadway

PATRON SAINT
Cholly Knickerbocker

SONG
"In Old New York"

JOSEPHINE WADSWORTH MURRAY *President*

MEMBERS

GRACE CALLAN Ilion, New York
ELIZABETH CRAVEN Geneva, New York
MARJORIE FRENCH Barneweld, New York
JOSEPHINE MURRAY Johnstown, New York
JANE SNOW Rochester, New York
ELEANOR SOMMERVILLE New York, New York
MARY SUTHERLAND Rochester, New York
REBECCA WHITE Walton, New York
LINDA WRIGHT Haverstraw, New York

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS CAROLINE H. CRAWFORD
MISS EUGENIA M. MORENUS



COLORS
Red and White

FLOWER
Scarlet Carnation

MOTTO

And let the loving cup go round,
The cup with blessed memories crowned.

OFFICERS

LUCY CHENEY *President*
FAYE ELLIOTT *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

DOROTHY BANCROFT EMMA BRADFIELD
LUCY CHENEY HELEN DITTENHAVER
FAYE ELLIOTT MILDRED LLY
ELIZABETH HAVILAND ADELE KRUSE
HELEN LAMFROM RUTH LLOYD
LUCILE MARSHALL ANNA NORRIS
DORIS THOMPSON

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. MARY K. BENEDICT MISS HELEN F. YOUNG
MRS. W. E. ROLLINS MISS ETHEL GARDNER



COLORS
Gray and Gold

FLOWER
The Quaker Lady

TOAST

"Here's to thee and thy folks,
From me and my folks!
Never folks loved folks,
Since folks was folks,
As me and my folks
Love thee and thy folks."

OFFICERS

BESSIE M. GRAMMER *President*
REBA STEPHENSON *Vice President*
HENRIETTA WASHBURN *Secretary*
LOIS RICHARDSON *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

FLORENCE ANDERSON Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
MARION CRAIN Overbrook, Pennsylvania
CLARE ERCK Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
ELLEN HAYES Bellefonte, Pennsylvania
BARBARA SHAND Narberth, Pennsylvania
NANCY SUPPES Johnstown, Pennsylvania
MARIAN YERKES Overbrook, Pennsylvania



TENNESSEE.

YELL

1 1 see, 2, 3, 4 1 see, 5, 6, 7 1 see,
8, 9, Tennessee—and then one

MOTTO

Night-riders, State widers—
Follow us forever—
But whoever we may be—
We are true to Tennessee.

SONG

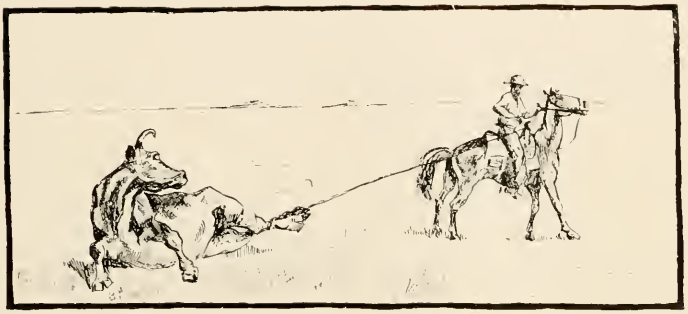
In dear old Tennessee—
That's where I long to be—
Where skies are ever blue,
And hearts are ever true;
Where sweet magnolias grow
And perfumed breezes blow,
That's where I long to be
Ho- Ho- Ho-ney—
In Tennessee.

OFFICERS

MARTHA W. TILLMAN *President*
VIRGINIA HILL *Vice President*
LUCY TILLMAN *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

PAULINE DARNELL Memphis, Tennessee
MARCELITE FARRIS Memphis, Tennessee
ELIZABETH HAIL Nashville, Tennessee
LUCILE HEGGIE Chattanooga, Tennessee
VIRGINIA HILL Chattanooga, Tennessee
NORINE HARRISON Clarksville, Tennessee
FRANCES MATSON Johnson City, Tennessee
MARY McKINNEY Knoxville, Tennessee
HELEN TUCKER Chattanooga, Tennessee
LUCY TILLMAN Nashville, Tennessee
MARTHA TILLMAN Nashville, Tennessee



TEXAS

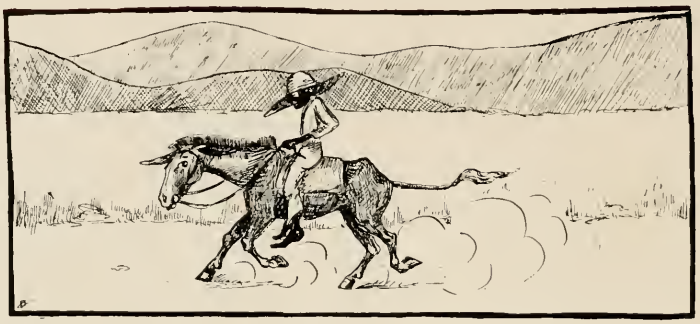
COLORS	*MOTTO*	*FLOWER*
Orange and White	Unruly though we be Texans still are we.	Blue Bonnet

OFFICERS

SEA WILLOW WARD *President*
SUSANNA DENMAN *Vice President*
CLARA MAY BROOKS *Treasurer*
EUGENIA CULBERSON *Secretary*

MEMBERS

C. MARY ALLEN Houston, Texas
CLARA MAY BROOKS San Antonio, Texas
CLYTIE CARROLL Beaumont, Texas
GRACE CARROLL Beaumont, Texas
EUGENIA CULBERSON Houston, Texas
SUSANNA DENMAN San Antonio, Texas
JANE GREGORY Austin, Texas
HELEN JALONICK Wichita Falls, Texas
BESS KEY Austin, Texas
BYRD KNOX Houston, Texas
ENRIQUE SMITH Waco, Texas
CORDELIA B. STACY Austin, Texas
LOIS THACKER Dallas, Texas
SEA WILLOW WARD Beaumont, Texas



WEST VIRGINIA

COLORS
Pink and Violet

FLOWER
Rhododendron

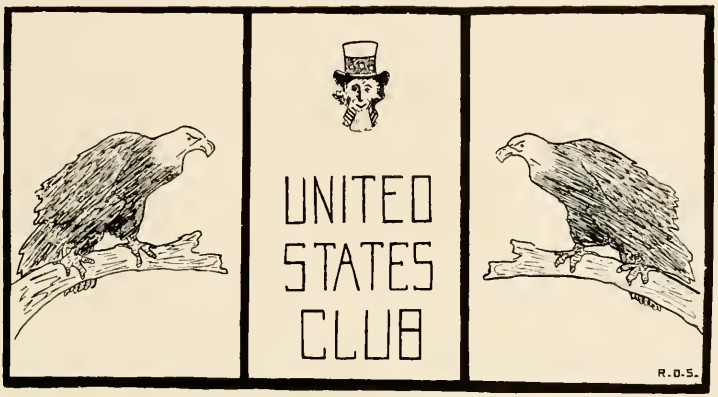
MOTTO
No "mines" like ours

OFFICERS

FRANCES McPHERSON RICHARDSON *President*
ELIZABETH GREEN *Vice President*
EMMY O. THOMAS *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

MARY WALKER BRADFORD Charleston, West Virginia
CAROLINE McHARDY CAPERTON Charleston, West Virginia
HALLIE CALL EVERETT Guyandotte, West Virginia
ELIZABETH TEMPLE GREEN Charlestown, West Virginia
HELEN VIRGINIA HIBBERD Wheeling, West Virginia
SALLIE RUTHERFORD MILLER Huntington, West Virginia
FRANCES McPHERSON RICHARDSON Charleston, West Virginia
EMMY ORA COOPER THOMAS Bramwell, West Virginia
MARGARET HAZEL COOPER THOMAS Bramwell, West Virginia



COLORS

Red, White and Blue

FAVORITE DISH

Hash

MOTTO

Variety is the spice of life

CULINARY DEPARTMENT, U. S. A.

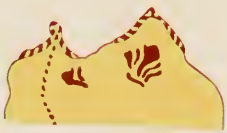
RUTH MAURICE Chief Colorado
BERNICE RICHARDSON Cook Massachusetts
DELIA LINDSAY Bottle Washer Georgia

UTENSILS

ERNA DRIVER Oregon
ELEANOR KOON Maine
MARY LOUISE McCLINTOCK Arkansas
CYNTHIA MAGEE Michigan
MARJORIE MOSS Louisiana
DOROTHY PECKWELL Connecticut
HELEN RUTHERFORD Oklahoma
ELIZABETH TYSON Vermont
ELSIE ZAEGEL Wisconsin

THE SORREL TOPS





MOTTO
Better to blaze here than hereafter

PURPOSE
Mutual Admiration

OFFICERS

NELLIE C. DAVIDSON Head Blazer
MARION PHILLIPS Copper Coiner

MEMBERS

DUNBAR AVIRETT
ELISE CRADDOCK
HARRIET EVANS
ELIZABETH FRANKE
ETHEL GREGORY
RUTH HOUSER
BESS KEY
HELEN MONASH
MARY MOORE
VIRGINIA ROBERTSON
ELLEN ROBINSON
MARY SPRINKEL
LOULIE WILSON
KATHERINE WILSON

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. MARY HARLEY
MISS AILEEN WARD

JUNGLETOWN

FLOWER
Tiger Lily

COLOR
Elephant's Breath

SONG
"Moving Day in Jungletown"

MOTTO
Be good and you'll be lonesome

OFFICERS

SPRINKEL *King of the Jungle*
BILL REEDER *Queen of the Jungle*

MEMBERS

"HIPPO KID" RICHARDSON
"SARDINE" GRIFFIN
"POODLE DOG" SPRINKEL
"TEDDY BEAR" FARRIS
"BUFFALO BILL" REEDER
'PUSSY CAT" ROBERTSON
"B'RER RABBIT" CAROTHERS
"BABE ELEPHANT" ANDERSON
"FLOUNDER FISH" DRIVER
"MARY DE MONKEY" MARTIN
"SUSAN GOAT" WEAKLEY
'HENRY KANGAROO" CRADDOCK
"POLLY PARROT" DARNELL



The Bowery Bums

MOTTO

"The Bowery bows to the Bummest Bums"

Bummest—"Quivers" Quinby

Bummer—"Gets 'em all" Dalton*

Bum—"Jack Daniel" Tillman

"Juicy Fruit" Cobb—"Such a queenly girl, such a pity she chews."

Hon. E. Craven—"Sh—sh—sh—sh—by order of the Proctor."

"Spidah" Culberson—"Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly."

"Gets 'em all" Dalton—"Thick and fast they come at last, more and more and more."

"Nummy" Davidson—"Numbskulls rush in where wisdom fears to tread."

"Posey" Duvall—"From her head to her toes, she's one beautiful pose."

* *Refer to Miss Maurice*

"Venus" Green—"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

"Giggles" Orme—"That her smile was full simple and coy."

"Quivers" Quinby—"A wee (?) sliver in a constant quiver."

"Polke" Ross—"Comes on the slow freight because she can't express herself."

"Cutie" Snow—"Cold by name, but not by nature."

"Rooter" Thomas—"Fast and the world fasts with you, feast and you feast alone."

"Scary" Tillman—"Alone, alone, all, all alone—in the dark."

"Jack Daniel" Tillman—"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to———."

"'Ell" Webster—"Go to (H)Ell with all your troubles."

Our Alley Cat, "Peaches" Gilder—"Peaches is unimpeachable."

SOCIAL CLIMBERS

Cynthia Magee Nancy Suppes

SETTLEMENT

Virginia Etheridge Elizabeth Cross

Dunbar Avirett Louis McWhorter

Ellen Ball





FOUNDER'S DAY

JOKES



JINGLES

Did you see the natural phenomenon the other day?

Hail turned to Snow and Snow turned to Sprinkel and Sprinkel turned to Dew and exclaimed:

"Oh, see the Crane." Thereupon a Sparrow in an adjoining tree commenced to Carroll.

Visitor to the Library: "Have you Schopenhauer?"
Librarian (hoarsely): "Oh, no! Just a bad cold."

Lenient

The Freshman rushed madly in, ten minutes late. "Miss B., you are late," said the teacher.

"Yes'm."

"But you promised not to be late again this term."

"Yes'm."

"And I told you I would have to report you if you were, didn't I?"

"Yes, but as I didn't keep my promise, I won't hold you to yours."



"Two clouds were seen at the
break of dawn
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one."
What's become of Miss Chapman? ? ?



Seen on the Bulletin Board

"Miss Robinson is much better to-day, though Dr. Harley is still in attendance."

"Miss Noyes will not have her bird walk to-day."

"Arrived at the Book Shop—Grape Fruit, Lemons, Educators, Peter's Chocolate, and Apples. Also 'Mon Oncle et Mon Curé.' "

Heavy?

A loud and resounding thud from above causes all to look up. "Don't be alarmed, young ladies," said Dr. ——— "Professor C——— only let slip another English joke."

The Hobble



(*Dedicated to N. Suppes*)

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch onward;
How to proceed at such a pinch,
Sadly we wondered.
Let not your courage fade,
Be not at all dismayed,
Fashion's decree is said—
Brace up and hobble!

Forward the Hobble Skirt!
Ignore glances pert;
Care now exert
Lest some one should blunder.
Up town and down town,
Heedless of comment and frown,
Not thus to be put down,
See them now wander.

Bargain day; charge now, we say,
Over the counter's array,
Seizing the gay display;
Bargains thus gobble.
Backward now turn again,
But down comes the rain,
And shrunk till they wane,
Totter back home again;
But not—not the same hobble!

Nelle (gracefully pouring tea): "Murrell, do you like tea?"
Murrell (in a soft undertone): "Yes, dear, but I like the next letter better."

In Randolph parlor they sat,
By the students left in peace,
When the question did pop,
Instead of saying, "Stop!"
Jo said, "Why don't you, *Cece?*"

Anxious Student (on her way home): "But I say, if you don't know whether the Southern is on time or not, who does?"
Station Agent: "Well, you might ask Mr. Washington. They do say he's a kind of fortune teller."

Vergil Student: "Don't you know, I've translated the first fifteen lines of this stuff, but I just can't make it rhyme!"

Miss Swain: "What mark did you get on that English paper?"
Miss Callan: "Oh, I spent nine hours on the thing and got stung with a *B*."

A Sweet Briar *Miserere* (to be read with due feeling and expression)

Ah! I have sighed to rest me;
Sighed, though alas! in vain;
For the teachers planned to test me,
And now I have flunked again.

Student to Biology Instructor (seeing some lambs with long tails among the short-tailed sheep): "Oh, do the little lambs absorb their tails when they become sheep, like tadpoles turning into frogs?"

English Professor: "What is meant by scôp?"
Freshman: "The length, breadth, and depth of literature."

Sub-Fresh: "Yes, we have the Episcopal Service at Sweet Briar."
Stranger: "High or low church?"
Sub-Fresh: "Oh, just a simple little chapel."

Mary had a picture-hat,
Its plumes *were* white as snow;
Though Mary never goes to town,
Her hat does always go.

Mr. Rollins: "You would be enthusiastic over Dr. Vincent's lecture even if he lectured on a broomstick."

Student: "I don't doubt we would be quite swept away."

Miss Guion: "Miss H———, what makes a kettle sing?"

Miss H.: "When the little microbes coming from the hot water at the bottom of the kettle hit the cold air at the top, their teeth chatter."

There was a young lady called Mayo,
Who was exceedingly gay-o!
Her eyes they did twinkle
And fascinate Sprinkel,
And did Sprinkel object? Nay, nay-o!

There was one on the hall dubbed Daniel,
With statutes and laws like a Samuel;
'Deed, there's not much she won't dare.
Her character is proved
By the fact that she moved
From her bed to the roof—"For fresh air."

Miss Weakley (in a composition): "And the blind man gave a shout of joy when he saw the diamond."

Miss Powell: "Miss Weakley, how can a blind man see a diamond?"

Miss Weakley: "Well, he wasn't stone blind."

Mr. Crawford: "Young ladies, this is a particularly good plot for a story of this particular kind—'When the pen and ink were married, the glue said, *Stick together through thick and thin.*' "

Lois interrupts: "And the pen said, 'See the point?' "

Marcelite, in the depths of despair over an English theme, rushes to a Senior: "Mary, please do tell me a simile* for *sat on.* I've used it so much I just can't write it again."

"Squelched," was unhesitatingly given.

Marcelite, rather dubious: "Well, can you say the hen squelched the eggs?"

**We suppose the contributor of this article meant synonym.*



Metamorphoses

When Patty was a Freshman
Her thoughts were all of fun—
She spiced her talk with "kiddoes,"
And all her friends were "hun."

Our Patty as a Freshman
Was a vision fair to see;
Her hair was gay with ribbons,
With a curl or two, maybe.

Let us look into the bookcase
To see what Patty reads,
These are all the books of knowledge
Which fill our Patty's needs.

Her room was decked with pennants,
With posters glaring red,
And her most cherished picture
Was a handsome Fisher head.

"The Rosary" is foremost,
And here is Myrtle Reed,
And also Robert Chambers,
Well beloved? Yes, indeed!

* * * * *

Now Patty is a Senior;
You can tell it by her air,
Her smile of conscious knowledge,
And the smoothness of her hair!

Her coiffure is most classic,
Fixed to show her noble brow;
All puffs and curls and ribbons
Are consigned to darkness now.

Her room is decked with *Copleys*,
In tones of softest brown.
All banners, cards, and posters
Cause our Patty now to frown.

And Patty's flow of language
Is as pure as Johnson's own;
A slang phrase makes her shudder;
At "Kiddo" she will *groan!*

Her taste in books is solid,
Ibsen brings a smile of joy;
But all light, frothy novels
Do nothing but annoy.

She has deep views on ethics;
Maybe she's a suffragette;
She talks on Truth and Beauty
In the nicest manner yet.



There was a fair maiden called Ellen,
Whose spirit you couldn't be quellin';
She'd go to the table
And eat all she's able,
Till her weight we're afraid to be tellin'.

Miss Darnell rushed up to Miss Richardson, asking for a mouse trap. "You know," she said, "I am worried silly; we have a huge rat in our room and he simply must be caught, because Byrd Knox says that rats carry the 'Plutonic Plague'!"

Bromidic Remarks not to be Made to the Faculty

To Miss Sparrow—"Are you English, American, or a song Sparrow?"

To Miss Bartlett (when her sister is visiting her)—"Are you a Bartlett pear?"

To Miss Gardner—"You're living up to your name, aren't you?"

To Dr. Harley—"How does your garden grow?"

Don't mention "Billet doux" to Mr. Dew.

Some Problems

I

If a maiden fair should find delight
 In science or its rules,
And think it simply out of sight
 To use the chemist's tools,
If she dearly loved to experiment
 With bugs, and plants, and dust,
How high would this dear girl be sent
 If her nitroglycerine "bust"?

II

If a partic'lar poet in a partic'lar town
 Wrote a partic'lar kind of verse;
If his genius simply wouldn't drown,
 But kept getting worse and worse;
If he harped upon a particular theme
 In phrases trite and terse,
How long before we'd feel constrained
 To order a partic'lar hearse?

Two young ladies in Gray Hall were busy putting their room in order, when a third appeared in the doorway. "Gee," she exclaimed, "aren't you going to have a scrupulous room?"

Cobby (looking over Maury's Hygiene notebook and seeing a labeled diagram of the Sweet Briar plumbing system—according to Dr. Harley): "Oh, Maury, aren't we funny on the inside?"

Freshman translating—"Haec in Galliam importamus." "Hike into Gaul, it's important."

Why are girls on the third floor of Manson so hilarious?

They are all so fond of "Noyes."



Miss Guion: "How does carbon occur?"

"Jim" Hayes: "Free in nature and in the human body."

Miss Guion: "What are you, a lump of coal or a diamond in the rough?"

A little girl visiting at Sweet Briar was being shown the wonders of the Biological Laboratory. She stopped before the human skeleton, and after gazing at it for a while, solemnly asked, "Is this Mrs. Williams?"

E. Koon (examining a specimen of a squid whose circulatory system was injected with red ink): "Miss Noyes, how did you deject this specimen?"

B. Shand (in a superior tone to a member of last year's Ethics Class): "Mr. Rollins says that our class has grasped Hedonism better than any class he has ever had!"

Mr. Rollins (to Miss Shand in Ethics Class): "Miss Shand, why do you go to concerts?" (Expecting to find out whether she tended more to Hedonism or Idealism by her answer—"Pleasure," or "The development of a higher appreciation of music.")

Miss Shand: "Because I have a season ticket and want to get my money's worth."

Makers of History

Teacher (in Ancient History): "For what is Leonidas Sparticus noted?"

Student (absent mindedly): "He once used fifty-seven 'particulars' in fifty minutes."

Mother: "That piano has certainly had some hard licks of late."

Virginia (aged five): "Well, Muvver, I didn't do it, 'cause I hasn't stuck my tongue out a single time to-day."



The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman

(Extract from Y. W. C. A. *Ladies' Home Journal* Burlesque)

My Lawd! I'm all wore out with climbing them hills. And to think how little work some folks has to do! I declare, there's people that make me think of Pa's hired man, Hirom. That hired man was so lazy Pa used to sharpen all the stumps around his place to keep Hiram from sittin' on 'em. And these folks I'm speakin' of ain't in Greenland neither. This very mornin' as I was carryin' my vegetables to market I come to some red brick houses settin' on a hill with white trimmins. There was jest slothers of gals running back and forth between the buildings, and as I was curious to know what the name of this place might be, I reaches out my arm to grab one of the gals that was scootin' by. She lets out a yell that makes me jump like a chicken with its head cut off.



"Don't stop me," she screeches; "if I am late to class I'll be sent to Study Hall for two weeks," and she rushes off, goin' like a streak of greased lightnin'. I was kinder taken aback at this, but I never was one to turn back my hand from the plow when I had set it to it. So I catches holt of one that was goin' along kinder slow, readin' a letter.

"An' how do you call the name of this place, my dear?" says I to her.

"Sweet Briar," says she.

"Sweet Briar," says I, an' hearin' the tuneful sound of that melodious name, the beautiful thought come to me of them gals I could hear screamin' in the distance, growin' and bloomin' like blushin' roses in the shadow of them noble walls. With my mind soarin' thus, I raised my eyes to the top of that lofty structure. They fell upon a sight that made them drop kerplunk. Them eyes o' mine had beheld a head of hair, female hair, floatin' free and unadorned over the railin' of one of them white porches. The sight struck me dumb.



"Is this what my sect has come to?" says I to myself. "There the bloom is wore off the peach. The down is tore off the butterfly's wing."

With them mournful thoughts I was startin' off, when in my dejected state, I come near bumpin' smack into a little house kinder set back in the bushes. There was racket enough for a whole hen house goin' on inside, so I steps round to the winder and peeks through. There was whole slews of gals inside grabbin' at cakes and candy that a young woman, the first I'd seen doin' any work to speak of, was handin' out to them.

"Poor things," thinks I, my heart softenin' at the sight; "I reckon they ain't been fed for some time."

But I couldn't fergit that other sight my eyes had witnessed, and I come home thinkin' mournful-like how times has changed.

Well, I haven't got no time to sit around talkin', and I never was no hand to gossip anyway, but I'll tell you this right now, I wouldn't be one mite surprised if any one of them gals I seen this day should wear colored ribbons in a peekin'-through waist, or be seen settin' on a sofa with a young man."





Lucille Schoolfield

Alma Booth

Mary Pinkerton

Kitty Quinby

Rebecca White

Mary Sutherland



Miss McLaws

Miss Minor

Miss Rumph

Clara Atkinson

Helen Purdy

Virginia Hill

Betty Cornwall

Dorothy Peckwell

Elizabeth Hail

Reba Stephenson

Iona Louise Taylor

Alma Eisendrath

Catherine Bosson








The End

CONTENTS

Daisy Williams 7
Board of Directors 10
Officers of Instruction and Administration 11
Alumnæ Association 16
Senior Class 17
Junior Class 35
Sophomore Class 41
Freshman Class 47
Sub-Freshman Class 53
Student Government Association 58
Y. W. C. A. 61
ATHLETICS
- Athletic Association 64
- Boat Club 66
- Tennis Club 68
- Basket Ball Team 70
- Field Day Records 74

DRAMATICS
- Paint and Patches 76
- Merry Jesters 83
- The Rippler 85

ORGANIZATIONS
- Glee Club 90
- Mandolin Club 92
- Choir 94

BRIAR-PATCH Editorial Board 96
Sweet Briar *Magazine* Staff 96
Debating Club 98
May Day 100
Masque of the Flowers 102
How Brer Rabbit Won the Prize 105
Twilight in the Jungle 109
Ballad of October 116
The Way of Woman 117
In Memoriam 124-126
College Calendar 128
STATE CLUBS
- Alabama Club 132
- The Carolinas 133
- Florida Club 134
- Illinois Club 135
- Kentucky Club 136
- Maryland Club 137
- Missouri Club 138
- New York State Club 139
- Ohio Club 140
- Pennsylvania Club 141
- Tennessee Club 142
- Texas Club 143
- West Virginia Club 144
- United States Club 145
- Sorrel Top Club 146
- Jungletown Club 147
- Bowery Bums 148

Jokes and Jingles 151
Our Literary Contributors 162
Our Artists 163


ADVERTISEMENTS

Guggenheimer Invites YOU



WE extend the courtesy and hospitality of our establishment to the students of Sweet Briar.

¶ Make this store yours for purchases, for pleasure, or for meeting your friends. Let your slogan be, "Meet me at Guggenheimer's" the woman's store of Lynchburg.

¶ In our Garment Section you will see many a fashion note that will aid you in planning your gowns. Our dressmakers will relieve you of the worry of the making.

¶ You will see charming hats in the Millinery Department that will delight you.

¶ A morning or afternoon of pleasure you will be sure of and much profit styleward, when you come to

E. M. Guggenheimer

LYNCHBURG'S LEADING DRY GOODS STORE

THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY

of SWEET BRIAR are hereby given a cordial invitation to make our store headquarters when in Lynchburg. We are always glad to give any general information or serve them in any way possible. We offer for your inspection a stock of high class Jewelry and kindred merchandise not to be found elsewhere in Lynchburg, and surpassed by no establishment anywhere. We make a Specialty of

Class, College, Fraternity and Society Rings, Pins, Etc.

We would appreciate an opportunity of submitting designs and estimates, to which prompt attention is given. *Correspondence invited.*

D. B. Ryland & Company

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

809 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VA.

ADAMS BROS.-PAYNES COMPANY

LYNCHBURG :: VIRGINIA

Building Materials of all kinds

FUEL AND FEED

ESTABLISHED 1867

THE C. H. ALMOND DRY GOODS CO.

LYNCHBURG'S GREATER STORE



THE STORE WITH MANY DEPARTMENTS

LEADERS IN

SWELL MILLINERY AND TAILORED SUITS

We Solicit the Business of the Sweet Briar Students
Upon the Merits of Our Merchandise

VISIT US, WE WELCOME YOU

Ladies' Reception Room and Writing Parlor
for your use and convenience

MAID ATTENDANT

J. R. MILLNER CO.

The Popular Shopping Place for

Dress Goods and Silks

Tailored Suits and

MILLINERY



THE MODISH FIGURE

You can have it, too

You will never know the possibility
of your figure until you wear the

Lyra Corsets

No other make will
please you so well

PRICE, $5.00 to $15.00

(ALL CORSETS ARE FITTED)

MILLINERY PARLORS

THIRD FLOOR

JOHN VICTOR, President
G. E. VAUGHAN, Cashier

W. PETTYJOHN, Vice President
W. W. DICKERSON, Ass't Cashier

The Peoples National Bank

OF LYNCHBURG



CAPITAL - - - - -	$ 300,000.00
SURPLUS AND PROFITS - -	400,000.00
STOCKHOLDERS' LIABILITY -	300,000.00
SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS -	$1,000,000.00

On the basis of the above figures this bank invites the accounts of Individuals, Firms and Corporations. We are prepared to furnish reasonable accommodation to both the large and small borrower

3% INTEREST

PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS, NO MATTER HOW SMALL

COMPLIMENTS OF THE

Lynchburg National Bank

Lynchburg, Va.

Capital and Surplus, $450,000.00

D. Moses & Co.

NEWEST, UP-TO-DATE

Millinery, Dress Goods, Silks, Suits and Underwear



High-class Dressmaking Department. Framed Pictures and Picture Frames to Order. Everything in Rugs and Floor Coverings

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

REACH
Baseball
Basket-Ball
Foot-Ball

WRIGHT
& DITSON
Tennis Goods

Rushton Canoes

S. O. FISHER
ESTABLISHED 1828
Fire Arms, Fishing Tackle,
Camp Outfits, Canoes,
Boats

Sweaters, Athletic Knit Goods,
Skates, Bicycles

Sporting and Athletic Supplies
of Every Kind

1024 Main St. LYNCHBURG, VA.

Kodaks and
Kodak
Supplies

Developing
Printing
Enlarging
Department
Conducted by Experts
Send for Sample Print

I

There is a hungry student,
And she stopp'th one of three:
"With thy long full purse and generous eye
Now come to the *Book Shop* with me."

II

"The *Book Shop* door is open wide,
And I am next in line,
The quests are met, the feast not set,
They have gone to my room to dine."

III

"The girls had come into my room—
As hungry as wolves were they,
They shrieked and growled and roared and howled;
I had nothing—to their dismay."

IV

The students all cheered, the halls are cleared,
For down the stair comes this pair.
Merrily do they hop
To purchase from the *Book Shop*.

V

They scan the shelves with a hungry eye,
There were candies there galore,
Harris-Woodson's, Lowney's and Martha Washington,
How could they ask for more?

VI

There are olives, too, upon the shelves,
Cakes, Uneedas and Butter Thins,
While just along in another row
Was chicken all done up in tins.

VII

And thro' the rifts of the candy cliffs
They have a dismal scene,
For the shapes of books they do not ken
The candy tries to screen.

VIII

The soap was here, the combs were there,
And hair pins were all around,
Right up above this mass did stand
Some sugar marked "One Pound."

IX

What's sweeter than a mid-night feast?
'Tis sweeter far to me
Than hurrying to classes with the rest of the lasses
In a studious company.

X

"Farewell, Farewell, but this I tell,
To thee thou hungry guest,
Whether sour or sweet, if it's something to eat,
At the *Book Shop* you'll find the best."
(With apologies to the "Ancient Mariner.")

WHERE DO YOU BUY YOUR SHOES?

If you don't buy here now, you will eventually. Why not today?

EVERYTHING NEW THAT'S GOOD

G. A. Coleman Company

907 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE

The Sweet Briar Magazine which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published quarterly.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES PER YEAR

One page	$20.00
Half page	15.00
Quarter page	8.00
Eighth page	5.00

Payments for advertisements are due after the first issue of the magazine
All subscriptions payable in advance

Send all Literary Contributions to FRANCES N. MATSON, Editor in Chief
Address all Business Communications to ELSIE L. ZAEGEL, Business Manager

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

YOUR KODAK MAN
"SUSSMAN"

223-225 Park Avenue BALTIMORE, MD.

Artistic Framing Enlarging Our Specialty Artistic Framing

WE ARE PROUD
OF OUR STORE AND STOCK

You will feel the same pride in your home if you select your furniture from our house. No matter how modest or pretentious your home we are exceptionally equipped to furnish either in good taste.

Winfree-Strother Furniture Company, Inc.
1008-10 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

The Cleland-Peck Co.

INCORPORATED

STEAM, HOT WATER AND VAPOR HEATING

Highest Grade Plumbing

Plumbing Supplies, Valves, Pipe and Fittings

206-208 Fifth Street

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

CRAIGHILL & JONES

DRUGGISTS

913 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VA.

A full line of toilet articles---Houbigant's, Roger & Gallet's and Hudnut's perfumes, sachets and soaps. Conklin Fountain Pens

Candy Candy *Whitman's* Candy Candy

Isbell, Bowman & Co.



"Classy SHOES"
For Young Women

Write for Catalogue

903 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VA.

Sweet Briar Girls

are extended a very cordial invitation to make our store their headquarters while in the city

Leave Your Packages in Our Care

Kinckle Shoe Co.

"Fitters of Feet"

810 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VA.

You Like GOOD Coffee

For a pleasing, satisfying cup use

Morara Coffee

Every roast uniform in cup quality

If your Grocer doesn't handle MORARA Write, giving his name to



The Roasters--- Antrim, Richmond

W. H. THOMAS, Pres., Bramwell, W. Va.
O. M DEYERLE, V Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Bluefield, W. Va.

Flat-Top Fuel Co.

Mine Owners and Shippers

Genuine POCAHONTAS Smokeless
COAL COKE

Bluefield, West Virginia

Originator and Manufacturer of "Marcelle" Middy Suits

Marcellus Hofflin

Naval Tailor of Distinction

Main Street, Corner Church
NORFOLK, VA.

Write for Information

Samples Upon Request Individual Measure

Photographs that Please

Cole & Miller are the College Photographers of Virginia and North Carolina; do more college work than any other photographer in the two States and are the only photographers that do as high grade work at the schools, by an ordinary side window, as the best photographers do in their studios.

Our specialty is in making work that satisfies the engravers and publishers.

If you want the best, write for prices and special student rates to

COLE & MILLER

'PHONE 382

317 Main Street DANVILLE, VA.

BAD SODA SPOILS GOOD FLOUR

IN RECIPES CALLING FOR SODA OR SALERATUS ALWAYS USE ARM & HAMMER BRAND

GUARANTEED BY CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., UNDER THE FOOD & DRUGS ACT, JUNE 30, 1906 SERIAL No. 2046



PURE SODA—THE BEST SODA COMES ONLY IN PACKAGES BEARING TRADE MARK: ARM & HAMMER

IT COSTS NO MORE THAN INFERIOR PACKAGE SODA—NEVER SPOILS THE FLOUR—ALWAYS KEEPS SOFT

BEWARE OF IMITATION TRADE MARKS AND LABELS, AND INSIST ON PACKAGES BEARING THESE WORDS—

ARM & HAMMER SODA

MADE ONLY BY
CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., NEW YORK.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WRITE FOR ARM AND HAMMER BOOK OF VALUABLE RECIPES FREE.



We pick up bargains and shovel them out to the trade

Ainslie-Martin Co.

For
Health's
Sake
Remember

The
Sta-Kleen Store

618 Main Street, LYNCHBURG, VA.

McGregor's

Everything Dependable in

Dry Goods
Fancy Goods
Millinery, Etc.

Corner Main and Tenth Streets
LYNCHBURG, VA.

T. G. Offterdinger

Successor to O'BRIEN & OFFTERDINGER

DEALER IN

All Kinds of Live Stock
and FRESH MEATS



City Market LYNCHBURG, VA.

Reams & Co.

LEADERS IN

FURNITURE

Stoves and Floor
Coverings

"The Store that Saves You Money"

620-622 Main Street
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

WANTED

Your order for FIELD SEEDS and GARDEN SEEDS of standard purity and germination. Also Feed stuff and baled forage. We sell Cyphers Incubators and Brooders, Poultry Feeds, Supplies and Remedies, Self Applying Lice Powders.

W. A. MILLER & SON, Inc.
LYNCHBURG, VA.

LYNCHBURG RESTAURANT

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Our service is complete
Everything the market affords. Served in up-to-date style : : :

822 Main Street

LYNCHBURG - VIRGINIA

Ladies of the Briar Patch

you are cordially invited to our store, to examine stock of Fancy Groceries, Confections, Fruits, Olives and Pickles in bottles, All Kinds of Potted Meats, Crackers, Cakes, Etc. Will take pleasure in showing you these goods and will be glad to take your order for anything you may need in our line. Thanking you for your patronage, I am

Very respectfully yours,

1111 Main St. JNO. P. BELL

Mrs. Sheard's Hair and Beauty Parlors

Fine Hair Goods and Cosmetics

Scalp Treatment, Facial Massage,
Manicuring, Hair Dressing,
Electrolysis, Shampooing

'Phone 1131 for Engagements

717 Main St. LYNCHBURG, VA.

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway

TO RICHMOND AND THE WEST

Fast trains with through Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago. For full information, address

JOHN D. POTTS

General Passenger Agent, C. & O. Railway

Richmond, Virginia

THE JEFFERSON

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

The Most Magnificent Hotel in the South

European Plan, 400 Rooms, 300 Baths. Rooms single and en suite, with and without private bath. Turkish and Roman Baths. Spacious Sample Rooms, Large Convention Hall. Rates $1.50 and upwards. Every Convenience for the Traveling Man, Every Comfort for the Tourist.

O. F. WEISIGER, Manager

Cotrell & Leonard

ALBANY, NEW YORK



Makers of CAPS and GOWNS

To the American Colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific

CLASS CONTRACTS A SPECIALTY

A. S. White & Co.

Wholesale Grocers



LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Murphy's Hotel
The Center
of
Richmond, Virginia

TRAKAS' CRYSTAL PALACE

A. Sarris and P. Caredes, Proprietors

727 Main Street, Corner Eighth

Manufacturers of
Pure Ice Cream and Candies
Fancy Fruit

Au rendez-vous des amis

Tyree's Art Store

J. L. TYREE, PROPRIETOR

Pictures and Picture Frames

Window Shades, Room Mouldings, Etc.

Picture Frames and Window Shades Made to Order. All Work Guaranteed

Oil Paintings, Water Colors, Sepia, Crayons, Etc.

206 Eleventh St. LYNCHBURG, VA.

WE MAKE THE BEST OF PHOTOGRAPHS

Latest Styles Reasonable Prices

You are invited to call

HILL'S STUDIO

915½ Main Street LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Store 'Phone 1706 Greenhouse 'Phone 94

FLOWERS

Choice Flowers Blooming Plants
Floral Designs

Telegraph, Telephone or Mail Messages Receive Prompt Attention

MISS McCARRON

1015 Main Street LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Same Management and Policy for Past 25 Years

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

The Largest :: Best Equipped Most Modern

South of the Ohio and East of the Mississippi. More employees and more output than all other job printing plants within a radius of 100 miles. Light, heat and sanitary arrangements well-nigh perfect. Estimates furnished

MORE THAN 50,000 FEET OF FLOOR SPACE
MORE THAN 100 MACHINES

116-132 North Jefferson St., ROANOKE, VIRGINIA



The Good-Night Lunch.

It is not always an easy task for the woman who has no help to get up a suitable lunch for the friends who have spent the evening with her.

Very often her enjoyment is marred by the fuss and expense and worry which she is obliged to undergo.

Here is a special use for

JELL-O

The daintiest and most delicious JELL-O lunch can be prepared in advance, and with a minute's work. Serve with whipped cream. Wafers and tea, coffee or cocoa complete a lunch that is delightful in every respect.

The beautiful Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," tells how to make all sorts of delicacies. Sent FREE to all who write for it.



There are seven flavors of JELL-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each flavor in a separate package. 10c. at all grocers'.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The
Stone
Printing and
Mfg. Co
ROANOKE, VA.